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CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 185
TELLING THE PEOPLE 187
WHY GERMANY MATTERS. By R. H. S. Crossman, M.P. 188
MR. BEVAN'S DILEMMA 188
NEWFOUNDLAND'S FUTURE 189
A LONDON DIARY 190
THIS ENGLAND 190
CLIMATE AND HISTORY. By H. N. Brailsford 191
LETTER FROM CARINTHIA. By A. M. G. . 191
MUSICAL CONSERVATISM. By Rollo H. Myers . 192
RADIO NOTES. By Edward Sackville West . 192
TWO PLAYS. By Stephen Potter . . . 193
FASHION 193
TELEGRAPH POLES. By Paul Dehn . . . 193
CORRESPONDENCE 194
From Ritchie Calder; E. G. Roscoe; K. Zilliacus, M.P.; John Epelbaum; A. S. Hutchings; Paul Ignotus; Andrew Révai; J. H. Eden; G. P. Clare; and others.
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Kingsley Martin Page 197
REVIEWS:
A Study of Virginia Woolf. By David Garnett 198
The National Trust. By C. E. M. Joad . 199
New Novels. By Henry Reed . . . 200
His Holiness. By William Plomer . . 201
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 202

POLITICAL POKER—OR PEACE

IT will not do. Before the disconcerted eyes of peoples terribly conscious that real Big Five collaboration is the only alternative to catastrophe, the Council of Foreign Ministers, true to the fatal traditions of power-politics, is playing a tragi-comical game of strip-poker, in which the redoubtable Mr. Molotov, taking off his diplomatic coat, has re-straddled the ante. When the Council—adhering rigidly to the already out-dated order of priorities settled at Potsdam—sat down to discuss peace terms for Italy, Mr. Byrnes (it appears) anted up by suggesting that the Italian colonies should be given trustee status, with Italy herself nominated by the Security Council as the Mandatory Power. This did not suit Mr. Bevin's book. Britain had promised the Senussi the complete elimination of Italian authority in Cyrenaica; and then there were useful naval ports in the Red Sea. If trusteeship were to be the solution, what candidate for the Mandate had a better title than Britain? Promptly re-raising the stakes, Mr. Molotov answers—the U.S.S.R., injured by Italian arms, experienced in the development of backward peoples, and "not disinterested" in the future either of Eritrea or even Tripoli. Let the players "down cards" or "go one better."

This particular issue—the fate of the Italian colonies—has been remitted by the Foreign Ministers to their deputies "for study." The study is apparently to be based on a compromise proposal from Mr. Byrnes, that there should be no individual Mandatory but a body of "collective" trustees appointed by the United Nations. For this solution much might be said; but Mr. Molotov's comments at his Press Conference on Tuesday suggest that it will not be acceptable to Moscow unless the United States waives all claim to "individual" trustee Mandates in the Pacific. This "hard bargaining" approach to problems extends not merely to the Italian colonies but to the whole complex of South-Eastern European settlement. Moscow, declares Mr. Molotov, is of opinion that the Croats and Slovenes should have the territories "belonging to them." Does this mean, as Marshal Tito claims, Trieste and the whole of Venezia Giulia? Apparently not. International control of Trieste—the right solution—has been accepted in principle, and the deputies have been instructed to work out details, and an "ethnic frontier." Will they succeed? That probably depends on Anglo-American readiness to "do a deal" by recognising that Hungary, Rumania and Bulgaria fall within an exclusively Russian sphere of influence, by acceding to Russia's demand for condominium with Turkey over the Straits, and by setting up in Greece a regime, as Mr. Molotov put it, "more democratic" and (as he might have put it) less amenable to British strategic plans in the Eastern Mediterranean.

With the assertion by the U.S.S.R. of "interests" in the Mediterranean, the Red Sea or anywhere else in the world we have no quarrel. Russia is one of the two Continental Great Powers in the world; and if the "astonishment" provoked in Whitehall by Mr. Molotov means that Britain's reaction will be simply to re-emphasise her own Imperial dignities and claims, the Foreign Secretary will only make matters worse confounded. If Mr. Bevin is ready to discard "continuity" and to voice the real sentiments of the people of this country he will say to the Council: "This must stop. This 1919-model game will get us nowhere. If we forget that civilisation in Europe and the Pacific alike is in peril and continue to manoeuvre with an eye to blocs and balances of power, we shall reach an *impasse* in which the atom bomb spells common extinction. Either we seize this last chance of collaboration and, recognising that we all have world-wide interests, get together in the urgent, practical tasks of reconstruction; or—a poor alternative—let us end this United Nations' sham, accept the splitting of the world into 'spheres' and agree to live unaggressively, though disunited, inside our own back-yards."

It would be, we repeat, a poor alternative to the Big Power collaboration which Yalta and San Francisco appeared to promise. But what, in fact, is happening now? Unilateral policy adopted by the United States towards Japan, whose projected treatment—hard words, trials for a few war criminals and a token occupation—suggests that Japan fits into American power-politics designs. Unilateral actions adopted by the U.S.S.R. everywhere east of Prague and Vienna, coupled with fierce Russian denunciations of any proposal for closer Western European collaboration to get the wheels moving in time to avert anarchy. Situated economically and geographically as she is, Britain has really no choice. She cannot afford to play political poker with the Big Two, any more than, under a Socialist Government, she can afford Churchillian policy towards Greece. Unless there is to be real United Nations collaboration—and it is in Central Europe rather than the Mediterranean fringes that it must start—we have no option but to draw together with the Dominions and our similarly situated European near neighbours in active self-preservation.

Recognise Dr. Renner

It is to be hoped that Mr. Bevin will turn his attention promptly to the question of Austria. It is fantastic that this little country should be cut up into four military Zones between which there is no communication. Dr. Renner's Government, if it were recognised, is perfectly capable, with help from U.N.R.R.A., of setting up a satisfactory administration. The Socialists, who kept their organisation alive underground, have lost none of their former vigour and capacity. The elections to Works Councils prove that they retain the confidence of the Viennese workers. Their policy is to carry out as promptly as possible a big programme of socialisation. This is the only rational course to follow, since the liquidation of the Nazi enterprises has left the plant of such important concerns as the iron mines and the oil wells ownerless and derelict. The ground for the refusal of the Foreign Office to recognise Dr. Renner's Government is that its Ministers are drawn exclusively from the Russian Zone. It cannot correct this defect, as it wishes to do, until it can communicate with the other Zones. There is nothing to be said for prolonging military government or for delaying recognition of the Renner Government. The troops of the four

Allies are a heavy burden to a country which cannot feed itself from its own resources; their numbers should be drastically reduced before winter comes. Grave and even desperate though the economic problem is, since the Russians have stripped their Zone of virtually all its machinery and half its cattle, Austria has what Germany still lacks—the political capacity to put its own house in order.

New Start in India

The substance of the Labour Government's declaration on India was conveyed most clearly in Lord Wavell's broadcast. Three times in a brief statement, he stressed our determination. If Indians now realise that it is the Labour Government's firm will to reach a settlement, the minorities will understand that nothing further is to be gained by obstructive tactics. The Cripps' offer is revived, but no longer in a rigid form. The new starting point is the holding of elections in the cold weather. This will serve, first, to test the demand in the Muslim provinces for Pakistan. It will also enable the Viceroy to consult the newly-elected Provincial Governments over any modification they may desire in the Cripps' proposals for the creation of a constitution-making body. Simultaneously, the Home Government will begin its preparations for the Treaty which it will negotiate with this body. It should be easier, after the elections, to renew the attempt to get a Central Government based on the support of the chief parties. It is provided that the representatives of the States, as well as those of the Provinces, shall be consulted over procedure. This may be the most awkward obstacle that has to be surmounted. A Labour Government cannot unconditionally accept the nominees of the Princes as the representatives of their peoples.

Britain, Egypt and the Sudan

Egypt is not generally thought of as an imperialist Power; yet she has expansionist ambitions. She has been sent a Note to the Council of Foreign Ministers in London defining her position with regard to the future of Libya and her "rights" in Eritrea and the Sudan. The question of the Sudan touches Britain closely. The country has been a British-Egyptian condominium since 1898, though in point of fact the actual administration has been in the hands of the British, with increasing help from the Sudanese themselves. This British administration is generally agreed to be unusually sympathetic and successful. It has gone ahead with political education and with economic development: the famous co-operative cotton-growing enterprise, covering five million acres at Gezira, is one of the most interesting economic experiments outside the Soviet Union. But the Egyptians, since 1922, have agitated for union of the Sudan with Egypt. The position is complicated by the fact that the Sudan is really two countries. The Northern Mohammedan people are akin in many ways to the Egyptians, but the Southern people are pagans of a more primitive type, partly Christianised by missions, and previously maltreated as slaves by their northern neighbours. Clearly, the future of the Sudan should eventually be decided, not by the British or the Egyptians, but by the Sudanese—though at present only about 50,000 of these 6½ millions are literate. It would be entirely unjustifiable to barter these people between rival imperialisms. In the meantime Egypt is spending money on propaganda in the Sudan, has just opened an impressive school, and is considering the erection of an equally impressive hospital.

Favouritism for Fascists?

Hungarian newspapers are publishing disquieting accounts of the Hungarian military camps in the British and American zones of Austria and Southern Bavaria. The Hungarian arch-Nazi, Count Alexander Festetich, is reported to have been allowed to act as a Liaison Officer with the British in Southern Austria; and in the camp of Welzenegg, "political sentences" are said to have been carried out on his denunciation. In the district of Hüttenberg, Hungarian military war criminals are reported to enjoy freedom of movement and even influence. The Hungarian "St. Ladislas Division," known as the Hungarian S.S., with a selected body of "Arrow Cross" officers and journalists, is apparently allowed, in Taimach-Stein, to run a newspaper, *Magyar Munkás* ("Hungarian Worker"), which advises the soldiers how to keep up the Nazi spirit when they are returned to Hungary; it suggests that they should use the National Peasant Party as a frame for "really national" policy. In the American Zone, the pianist Ernst Dohnányi, a leading name on the list of Hungarian war criminals, is said to enjoy complete freedom. His artist's conscience did not prevent him from helping the Gestapo to arrest his anti-Fascist or non-Aryan fellow-countrymen. It would be too much to expect Hungarians to believe that the favours granted to him are only due to love of music.

Reform of Parliamentary Procedure

The Government's recommendations for the reform of Parliamentary Procedure, published last Wednesday, are now being examined by the Select Committee. In his evidence, Mr. Morrison made it clear that these proposals, worked out in the Coalition Cabinet, have the approval of the Government, in general but not in particular. The only substantial change proposed is the reference of virtually all Bills to Standing Committees upstairs, and the creation of more Standing Committees. This will make it possible to get through the Committee stage of half a dozen important Bills simultaneously, whereas under present practice they would have to be taken *seriatim* on the floor of the House. In defending the reform against the scruples of Mr. Pickthorn, Mr. Morrison admitted that, though he personally disliked the notion of the "Full-time Member," M.P.s would in future be working a very full day if they attended to their Committee work properly. But he argued, reasonably enough, that there is no other way of combining legislative speed with adequate scrutiny in the Committee stage. At least this will have the advantage of giving every back-bencher who wants it—and many who do not—a really responsible legislative job. Indeed the question now arises how Labour Members will find time both for their Parliamentary Committee work and for the new specialist committees of the Parliamentary Labour Party which are now being set up.

The Future of the R.O.F.'s

Press reports suggest that more than half of the forty-odd industrial establishments, under Government ownership and controlled by the Ministry of Supply, are to remain public property. Some of those retained, however, will continue to operate either as some type of munition factory or as plants for breaking down and salvaging surplus explosives and weapons. But by far the greater number are engineering works which are capable of conversion for the production of domestic appliances, pre-fabricated housing components, goods and vehicles suitable for use by U.N.R.R.A. and similar relief and reconstruction agencies. Under the Coalition, little thought was given to this question. The Ministry of Supply merely notified the Board of Trade that a factory was no longer required by them. Its fate was left to the Board. In more than one case the allocation to private firms was not particularly fortunate. One works, for instance, has been passed over to a firm whose product does not call for the use of important modern machinery installed during the war. Obviously, the Labour Cabinet cannot rest content with this procedure, and though a Cabinet decision to use more of these R.O.F.'s for housing components is sadly overdue, we are glad to hear that an ear meeting of the Joint Industrial Council—at whi shop stewards from the more important factori will be present—will be discussing the uses which the equipment and labour of the R.O.F. can be put. At the same time, the Joint Produc tion Committees in each works have been aske to make suggestions about post-war use. On point of interest is the number of new Labou M.P.'s who have vigorously pressed for an ear decision, only to be told that it must be reache through the proper channels—that is, by nego tiations with the trade unions concerned. On immediately necessary change is to empowe either the Ministry of Supply—or a new created Co-ordinating Committee of the Healt Works and Reconstruction Ministries—to orde as well as produce the required goods. At presen the Ministry of Supply can act only on order given by the Chiefs of Staff. There should b one central direction of the operation of State owned industry.

The Cripps "Working Party"

Sir Stafford Cripps's "working party" plan fo the cotton industry is already meeting with fairl heavy opposition from the cotton employers, on th two grounds that it involves too much "critical" interference with the industry and that it gives th Trade Unions a position of equality with th employers. The Cotton Board, which ha hitherto been suspect by the employers of trying to get too much power into its own hands, ha suddenly become popular in the quarters formerl most hostile to it, as an alternative to the Cripp "working party." The issue is of importanc both in itself and because whatever is done i the cotton industry will probably serve as a precedent for the handling of other industries which the Government desires to reorganise without assuming public ownership. In the cas of cotton the small "party" of four employers four Trade Unionists, four outsiders, and a chairman obviously cannot, in the ordinary sense *represent* the many diverse elements of which the industry is made up: nor can it serve th purpose, which the Reid Committee served in th coal industry, of passing objective technica judgments on the need for reorganisation. It ca be expected to recommend only changes o organisation, and not of production technique But it may well be what is most wanted at thi stage. There have been already a host o reports, both technical and non-technical, on th cotton industry and its problems; and th immediate need is to sort these out, and i recommend the best form of machinery fo implementing those of their recommendation that need implementing in order to put th industry on a more efficient basis. The employer naturally object to Trade Union parity in th composition of such a body; but, principle apart the labour problem is absolutely vital to th industry's future, and, on the issue of principle it is high time for the employers to recognis that the price of escaping nationalisation wi come in more and more cases to be acceptance of a real partnership with the workers and th Government in determining economic policy an carrying through structural reforms.

Blackpool in Retrospect

An outstanding feature of the Trades Unio Congress was that the various policy reports pre pared by the General Council went through almost undiscussed—partly because delegate probably felt that reports prepared before th General Election had "dated," and partl because, on the main issues, there is not muc controversy. In the case of taxation, for example there is a general recognition among Trad Unionists that immediate relief must be modes and a general desire to start by restoring "allow ances" rather than by reducing the standar rate. Again, on the question of monopolie there is a general feeling that there must b supervision and control, but that it would b

ealistic to take a line against regulation of ustrial practices, as this may be essential for efficiency and for the working of any ional economic plan. On wages, the T.U.C. ains vague—in effect leaving it to the Governnt to make the first move towards facing the problems arising out of Full Employment. Controls, there is an insistence that the itive element in labour direction be got rid as soon as possible, coupled with a demand adequate industrial controls be kept up to ure a proper plan of priorities in reconversion in meeting consumers' urgent needs. In ct, the T.U.C. stands by the moderate policies State control, Industrial Boards, and the like, ich it was urging before the Election, but is y to give the Government time—except on vital, and still unsettled, issue of speedier obilisation.

e A.F. of L. Objects

The views expressed at the Trade Union ngress by the fraternal delegates from the ited States and Canada are not likely to hold plans for the new World Trade Union Interional. The Canadian Trades and Labour ngress is virtually a subsidiary of the American deration of Labour, and by no means fully resents the Trade Unions of Canada, which even more divided than those of the U.S.A. fortunately the historical association of the U.C. with the A.F. of L. continues to stand the way of the presence at Congress of delees from the C.I.O., with which the British ions have much more in common. The F. of L. has no tradition of international trade ion activity. It joined the Amsterdam Interional Federation of Trade Unions much more order to keep out the C.I.O. than because it any real wish to build up a strong interional Trade Union movement; and its inence that the I.F.T.U. ought to have been uilt, and that no new World Federation necessary, implies no real devotion to the sterdam body. The A.F. of L., in fact, has ained singularly unaffected by the newer rents of opinion in the United States. It thinks entirely in terms of posession within rivate enterprise society, and of action in pport of privileged minorities of organised kers rather than of the working class as a ole. Its absence from the new International not at all to be deplored; and the sooner C.I.O. replaces it as the recognised American ion of the international movement, the better.

-operative and the Housing Problem

The Co-operative Movement has now anced its intention of embarking on a large-scale icy of house-building. The project, which is nsored by the Co-operative Wholesale Society, conjunction with the Co-operative Permanent ilding Society, involves the creation of local using Co-operative Societies in many places ides those in which they already exist. This is hallenge to the rest of the Building Societies, ich have still to declare their post-war policy; it also raises large issues of national policy. the Continent, State aid to housing has been en largely through special Housing Societies nced on a Co-operative basis, whereas herto in this country such bodies have reved little public encouragement. Some people y be inclined to argue that it is a mistake the Co-operative Movement to embark e funds in houses and building, which ht rather to be made a public responsibility the local authorities working under a national eme. There are, however, a good many cial cases in which Co-operative building y have advantages, given proper public recogion and the assurance of conformity with blic town and country plans. The only doubt is whether there are not more appropte fields for Co-operative investment—for mple, co-operative hotels, restaurants and liday Camps.

TELLING THE PEOPLE

ODDLY enough, the most damaging criticism of the Labour Government which has yet appeared in print came, last Sunday, from the maliciously witty pen of the editor of a not unfriendly independent newspaper, the *Observer*. Pillorying Ministerial speeches under the sardonic title, "A Few Ill-chosen Words," Mr. Ivor Brown protested that they read as if they had been "written by Civil Servants in a remarkable state of fatigue." Not only did they give no "hard news" of what is being done; their chilling, depressing appeals for "patience" gave the discouraging impression that little can be done. The criticism is, of course, one-sided, and does less than justice to Mr. Attlee and his colleagues, who are right to warn the nation that difficult problems have to be solved in "winning the peace." But it is a line of attack which the Government's opponents will be quick to exploit in an effort to create a split between Labour leaders and the rank and file. If the attack is to be successfully countered, the Cabinet will have to face the fact that their excellent legislative programme will not create any impact on the life of the people for a year at least, and that meanwhile lack of information and lack of any Minister who "speaketh as we speak in the street" are real factors in an already visible estrangement of Government from the people.

We have repeatedly urged the Government to realise that they will not secure the intelligent co-operation and sustained support which they need from the men and women who gave them power unless their actions and decisions are accompanied by frank, "down to brass tacks" expositions of the determining factors. Our plea for more and better factual information has been echoed not merely by the Trades Union Congress, but by practically every newspaper—and most loudly, be it noted, by those supporting, or at least benevolently disposed towards the Government. There is no reason to suppose that the Cabinet is unsympathetic to this demand. What it lacks at present is the right technique—and a mechanism.

There is Parliament, it will be said; but this is no adequate answer. Cursorily reported in the popular press, Parliamentary debates in *Hansard* are studied only by M.P.s and a handful of conscientious journalists. Nor is normal liaison *via* the M.P. between Minister and voter sufficient. No private member can be intimately acquainted with *all* the issues with which Ministers are dealing; M.P.s can only tell some of the people some of the things they want to know. The only effective instruments of general political enlightenment are newspapers and the B.B.C.; and—whether the issue be the rate of demobilisation, the acceptance of dollar loans from the U.S.A., the continuance of rationing and controls, the rights and wrongs of a strike in West Africa, or the reasons why the housing programme of Midtown is behind schedule—without full access to the facts, press and radio explanations are bound to be valueless or misleading.

If the Government to-day is in danger of letting the enthusiasm engendered by the polling results evaporate in misunderstanding and apathy, it is not because the press is denying publicity to or distorting its policy; it is because the press shares with the public an almost complete ignorance of the data relevant to vital problems. The Departments it is true, have their Public Relations Officers; but the generality of them conceive their functions to be those of apologia for their Minister. Usually "on the defensive" in their attitude to Fleet Street, they are sometimes ill-equipped with technical or statistical knowledge; and in many cases (notably the Service Ministries) they cling pathetically to the war-time tradition that security depends on silence.

The dissemination of factual news of the Government's problems, and the way they are being tackled, should be the task, we suggest, of an Information Division in the Cabinet offices. We would emphasise the importance of this central location for the reason that the Division must be able, with the authority of the Cabinet behind it, to extract from Departments all the intelligence it is likely to need. Never has so much detailed information about Britain's economy—its wealth, productivity and distribution of man-power—been available in Whitehall: rarely has so little been accessible to the public; and still less is forthcoming in digestible form.

By this metaphor we must not be taken as suggesting that the "cooking" of data would be any part of the Information Division's business. If it indulged in "propaganda," in the sense of trying deliberately to influence the press, it would fail in its purpose. Naturally the Division would aim at being more than a mere passive repository of intelligence: its staff would have to detect misunderstandings and ignorance among the public, deduce what people particularly wanted to know, and be ready to fill gaps in knowledge with expositions of facts in which honesty was wedded to intelligibility. This is not an easy task; the Division would have to be staffed with personnel possessing unusual qualities both of intellectual integrity and sympathetic understanding of the public mind. From first to last they would have to remember that their task was not to persuade, but to enlighten. For this purpose the elaborate wartime mechanism of the Ministry of Information would be needless; but a Cabinet Minister should be in charge. His would be the necessary and delicate task of keeping his finger on the public pulse and telling his colleagues bluntly when, in his opinion, their departmental activities were being misunderstood or their official pronouncements creating the wrong sort of reaction.

Even if the Government could be sure that objectively presented facts would always lead to fair-minded, constructive conclusions in press comment, it would still be desirable to quicken public interest by *ad hominem* explanations of the why and wherefore. Here the mind naturally turns to the still imperfectly utilised possibilities of radio. It is absurd, in our opinion, to adhere to the rule that "Government time" on the air must be balanced by equivalent "Opposition time." Justice might require this in the case of controversial campaigning; it does not do so in the case of objective expositions. Ministerial broadcasts might well be more frequent—particularly if those who delivered them could achieve something of the attractive "man to man" tone which distinguished President Roosevelt's fireside talks on the air. Even so, listeners are apt to develop an instinctive "resistance" to pronouncements made, as Cabinet Ministers must make them, *ex cathedra*. More efficacious, we suggest, would be regular talks on leading political issues by non-official broadcasters who were known to be in the confidence of the Government, and were admittedly interpreting Cabinet policy, yet had the critical independence of, say, Vernon Bartlett or—to quote wartime examples—of J. B. Priestley, when he invented the "Postscript," or of "The Man in the Street" in the B.B.C.'s European Service.

For generations all the acquiescent ignorance, the fatalistic apathy of India used to be crystallised in the old saying: "It is a long way to the City of Delhi." If the people of Britain had wanted an aloof, Olympian Führer, they would not have chosen Mr. Attlee: they elected a Labour Government in the hope that it would *not* be a long way from Midtown to Whitehall. But if the men to whom they gave power are to remain "their" men, the channels of communication must be opened up. The affairs of State must be projected into the people's homes, into their everyday experience.

WHY GERMANY MATTERS

THE reports by *The Times* and the *News Chronicle* correspondents from Berlin and the remarkable series of photographs in this week's *Illustrated* may wake this country up to what is happening in Central and Eastern Germany. While hundreds of thousands of foreign workers—among them 500,000 Poles who refuse to return to Poland—live in miserable conditions in the British Zone, some 7,000,000 Germans are being evicted from their homes in Eastern Germany and Poland, and are flooding into the Russian Zone. The stream from Czechoslovakia stopped after the decision of the Potsdam Conference; the stream from Poland has continued in blank defiance of that decision.

The appalling scenes at the Berlin railway stations described by the correspondents are only a tiny incident in these mass expulsions. Berlin is officially a forbidden city for the refugees, and the 10,000 who arrive there daily do so in defiance of General Zhukov's orders. After 24 hours' pause they are forcibly moved on to reception areas in Mecklenburg and Brandenburg, already filled to overflowing. What happens there, or in Saxony, where the population has already been doubled by the arrival of 4,000,000 homeless Germans, remains invisible to Western eyes. It is only because the seat of the Inter-Allied Control happens to be a city inside the Russian zone that we have an inkling of this appalling human tragedy.

There is no barbed wire. These broken creatures have the freedom described by Anatole France, "to beg their bread and to sleep under bridges." They are free, sometimes, to return to the Polish frontier on foot with a chit stating that there is no room for them in the reception area, and to sit there, listening to the Lublin radio, cheerfully announcing that there are plenty of empty farms now in Poland awaiting occupation. They are even free to try (and fail) to slip past the armed guards into the promised land of the British and American Zones. Dr. Goebbels attempted to conquer German defeatism during the war by the atrocity story that the British and Americans planned to remove the children of Germany and to bring them up in Britain or America. That atrocity story would be a merciful deliverance if it came true to-day.

For many weeks the facts about the mass expulsions have been withheld or played down. Conscientious journalists have remembered that our friends as well as our enemies are starving. They have been reluctant even to appear as though they were appealing for sympathy towards Germans while Yugoslavia receives virtually none of the U.N.R.R.A. supplies which she desperately needs. They have realised, also, that the mere reporting of these facts must imply a criticism of Russian policy which might endanger the plans for Central Inter-Allied Control announced at Potsdam.

Recent developments have shown that this policy of reticence has been unavailing. The Potsdam blue-print remains a blue-print only. The Central Commissions to control fuel, transport and food throughout all four Zones—the keystone of the whole Potsdam plan—still exist, but only on paper. Meanwhile Russia continues to present her Allies with a succession of *faits accomplis*, of which the latest is the formation of a German Government for the Russian Zone with its headquarters in the Air Ministry in Berlin. Of this Russian policy, the expulsion of the German population east of the Oder-Neisse line and the systematic removal of food, household goods, machinery and equipment—including the reduction of the German railway system to single-track working by the wholesale removal of the permanent way—seems to form an integral part. Into the Russian zone are being poured millions of homeless, helpless human beings; out of it are being removed the means of existence which were totally inadequate even to the population already there. And simultaneously a German Government and Administration are being rapidly built up to which the country can be handed over at the shortest possible notice. It is difficult to blame those who have come to the conclusion that Stalin's plan is to remove everything of material value to Russia out of Germany, to create a Poland, tied to her Eastern Ally, if by nothing else, by the German desire for vengeance, and then to clear out, leaving to the Western Powers, if they feel so inclined, the task of cleaning up the mess.

We do not, of course, know that this is Russian policy. Nor, if it is, do we know the reasons which led Stalin to prefer it to an effort by collaboration with the Western Powers to reconstruct an economically viable democratic German State. In so far as Russian suspicions of the sincerity of Anglo-American friendship for the U.S.S.R. may have been a factor, we cannot seek to acquit London and Washington of blame. But we can and must say two things: first, the present behaviour of the Russian occupational authorities and of the Polish Government makes sense, if this *is* their policy; and, secondly, it makes complete nonsense if they really intend to implement the Potsdam plan.

Mr. Bevin recently claimed the right to criticise Communist policy, and used it to attack the Governments of Bulgaria, Rumania and Hungary. This was surely a mistake since, to say the least of it, there were two sides to the question, and, anyway, there was very little that Britain could do about it. Pinpricks on side-issues seldom make good diplomacy. But the control of Germany is the supreme test of inter-Allied collaboration; and the future of Germany is something with which Britain is directly and vitally concerned. Here, if anywhere, the Foreign Secretary has a right and a duty to ask some plain questions of our Allies and to expect plain answers. We are pledged unreservedly to the fulfilment of the Potsdam Plan. That plan demands as its economic basis that Germany be permitted to possess sufficient material resources to maintain her increased population within her shrunken frontiers. It demands as its political basis that the Four Powers administer their respective zones according to a single plan. Russia's present policy cuts away both the economic and political basis for four-power collaboration and the possibility of German reconstruction. Equally important, by its disregard for human suffering, it profoundly shocks the conscience of the Western world.

No one in Britain forgets the malignant spirit of loot and rapine which inspired German policy in the occupied Russian territory. No one underestimates the Russian need for reparations in kind to make good the havoc caused. As long as Russian policy seemed to be limited to the large-scale removal of war booty, the British people accepted it as rough justice. But to strip a country bare, to lop off its richest food-producing and industrial areas and then, when the economic plight of the truncated remnant is already intolerable, to flood it with millions of homeless refugees shortly before the coming of winter—by no stretch of language can we call this rough justice any longer, or pretend that it is in accordance with the Potsdam agreement. In fairness to the Russians, who, in this respect, have always found it difficult to appreciate the squeamishness of Western democracy, we must tell them that no democratic government can disregard the feelings of its occupying armies or of its home public. Nor is it only a matter of conscience and humanity. There are other peoples of Europe starving or near starvation who, where pity is concerned, no doubt have a priority. But this creation of economic chaos and famine will be disastrous, not merely to Germans, but to all Europe. The plight of Hitler's victims from Holland to Jugoslavia can only be made ten times worse by what is now happening in Germany.

The issue is a simple one. Either all Four Powers co-operate loyally in the Potsdam Plan. If this is to happen, the Russian and Polish Government must fulfil their agreements and put a stop at once both to the mass expulsions and to the wholesale stripping of German factories and fields. They must join us in setting up the central organs for directing the economy and the communications of all four Zones, and they must leave to the Reparations Commission the decision on who gets what. That is the alternative which the British people and the British Government desire.

But if Russia regards this as a policy to which she cannot adhere, then we must feel ourselves free to disassociate ourselves from the central responsibility we have assumed and to adopt solutions in Western Germany compatible both with our conscience and with our and Europe's interests. From our point of view, and in this we have common ground with General de Gaulle, a dismembered Germany, of which one-half is at least alive, is preferable to a Germany united by famine, disease and death.

On this issue reticence would now be fatal. Time for action is already short. By silence now, we shall tolerate a solution which will be repudiated by the peoples of the West when they come to see its consequences. If this is permitted to happen, formation of antagonistic *blocs* must follow. Far better, to have our disagreements when plain speaking by both sides can still achieve an honest and a lasting agreement—either to co-operate, as we agreed at Potsdam, in a single plan for all Germany, or, if that is impossible, to reconstruct it into an Eastern and a Western State.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

MR. BEVAN'S DILEMMA

LITTLE is so far known of the progress of Government planning on the housing front; but the sparse crumbs of information which we can pick up under Government tables seems to show that Mr. Bevan has so far made three major decisions. First, there are to be no subsidies for private building; secondly, efforts are to be concentrated on the provision of permanent rather than temporary houses; and thirdly, reliance is to be placed in the main on local authorities for the execution of building schemes. The first decision, which maintains the principle of necessaries before luxuries, is unexceptionable; and there will be little disposition to quarrel with the second. There was so much hesitation and dallying on the part of the Coalition Government in connection with temporary houses that their only real advantage—speed and cheapness of production through the placing of mass orders—was forfeited. Little can now be done to make this good. It is the third decision that is causing concern.

In the first place, it is well to recall that local authorities in this country have never executed more than a relatively small percentage of the total number of houses built. If they were to be given a virtual monopoly in the planning and initiation of housing schemes, their department dealing with housing policy would have to be immensely expanded. At present these departments are still sadly denuded of surveyors, draughtsmen, and other skilled personnel necessary for the promotion of rehousing schemes. Furthermore, even if the release from the Services of persons needed for the housing departments of local authorities were greatly accelerated, how is the difficulty to be overcome that the finances of local authorities are absolutely incapable of bearing the strain of housing schemes on the necessary scale? There is a definite limit to the additions which can be placed upon the rates on account of interest charges on loan capital. If the local authorities are to be expected to build houses in the numbers required, the Exchequer will clearly have to assume practically the whole of the capital burden—a radical modification of the principle of local government responsibility.

But even if these difficulties were successfully surmounted, a further factor, which may well occasion Mr. Bevan severe headaches in future

has still to be considered. In terms of man-power, building capacity is likely to increase hazardly: builders released from the Forces will end to drift back to their pre-war firms. Yet, because of war damage and the redistribution of ndustry, demand for building labour is bound o be uneven and will in no way correspond with he pre-war position. In areas which have not been bombed there will be plenty of luxury or of not-so-essential jobs available, while in the war-damaged areas the elementary need for basic decency in housing accommodation remains unsatisfied. Short of prolonged enforcement of rightly unpopular) direction of labour, a situation is likely to arise in which Mr. Bevan will be faced with an unpleasant dilemma. Either he will have to retain a ban on luxury building operations at the cost of having building labour unemployed in some parts of the country, while an acute housing shortage and shortage of building man-power exist in others; or he will have to relax restrictions on essential building activities in districts where there is a surplus of labour at the cost of abandoning the principle of necessaries before luxuries, thus giving a victory to the opponents of planning and weakening people's faith in control.

Mr. Bevan is credited with the intention, when he entered the Ministry of Health, of creating a National Housing Corporation which was to be, in considerable part, the executant of housing policy. If, as is rumoured, he has been dissuaded from this step by the notoriously conservative permanent officials of his Ministry, he may yet be compelled to revert to his original conception of the needs of the case. It must be recognised, of course, that the establishment of a National Housing Corporation would meet with opposition from vested interests of various kinds. If it were to build quickly, it would have to take over some sites already developed or earmarked by local authorities: they would be resentful. Moreover, the representatives of building and ancillary trades have always played an important part in local politics in most of the country. Any move to centralise and control building operations and to secure the economies obtainable by the mass-production of components and by the elimination of unnecessary links in the distributing chain would be hotly opposed by these elements in local authorities.

Nevertheless, if State enterprise in housing is to have the necessary flexibility and is to ensure that houses are built most quickly, and in the greatest numbers, where they are most needed, the efforts of local authorities will have to be supplemented by a National Housing Corporation. One immediate task for the Corporation would be to organise the mass-production of standardised materials and fittings, a task in which the Building Material Supply department of the Ministry of Health failed lamentably after the last war. But it would have to do more than this. In some cases it might be sufficient if it placed at the disposal of local authorities expert assistance in the practical working out of housing schemes. In others, where it was found that the maximum capacity of local authorities was not commensurate with the crying need of the people for shelter, the Corporation would have to carry out building schemes on its own account. In that task it could either employ, under centralised control and (be it added) much closer supervision of costs and efficiency, the resources of the large contractors who carried out much of the wartime construction called for by the Service Ministries, or it could recruit its own labour force of mobile builders. Preferential wage rates for that purpose might well have to be offered, and the concurrence of the building trade unions would have to be obtained in the relaxation of many normal restrictions. Mr. Bevan need not find any of these obstacles insuperable if he makes up his mind that the housing problem cannot be solved by traditional departmental methods, and if he asks the building workers to realise that the public interest calls for bold experiments and emergency improvisations.

NEWFOUNDLAND'S FUTURE

(By a Correspondent)

NEWFOUNDLAND is a country considerably larger than Ireland. Of its 290,000 inhabitants only three have any say in the governing of their country. Those three are members of the Commission Government which has ruled Newfoundland since its financial collapse in 1933. For twelve years the country has been deprived of self-government, and the Commission of six which has been in power during that time is not particularly popular throughout the island. Nevertheless, most Newfoundlanders show more dismay than gratitude when they discuss the recent agitation on their behalf in the British House of Commons. Self-government is a word of unsavoury reputation in Newfoundland. To most people it recalls only graft, peculation and misrule. They use the word politician as a synonym for rogue, and responsible government is a state of misery they loath to re-taste.

There is, however, a vocal minority in the country who are using wartime prosperity as an excuse to raise the issue of autonomy. It was the insolvency of the Government in 1933 which lost the colony its status as a self-governing Dominion, and it is now claimed that a country which is financially stable and able to lend over £2,000,000 to Britain has earned the right to self-determination. But thinking Newfoundlanders are well aware that the present boom is a bubble ripe for bursting, and realise that the country is in no way prepared for an immediate return to responsible government. The few who are making themselves heard at the present time may well be entirely honourable in their intentions, but their fellow-islanders are bound to remember the old-time politicians and sniff tar from the same brush. The demand comes almost wholly from a small group in the capital, and is certainly not representative of the country as a whole.

To understand Newfoundland opinion it is necessary to understand its background. The whole economy of the country rests upon fish. Other developments, such as mining and timber, are still subsidiary to the fishing industry. The typical Newfoundland outport is a colony of fishermen dependent upon the merchant, who not only markets their fish but is frequently the sole outfitter, shopkeeper and banker available. In many cases the fisherman never handles his wages at all, and scarcely knows when he is solvent or in debt. It is a system open to many abuses, and has produced a sort of feudalism, with the merchant at the top of the ladder and the fishermen holding him up. It is the fishing industry, too, which is responsible for one of Newfoundland's greatest problems. Newfoundlanders in pursuance of their trade settled in small groups around the coast of the island. To provide adequate communications for all the settlements would require an expenditure of money far beyond the fiscal resources of the country. Towns on the 500-mile cross-country railways are in reasonably close touch with St. John's, and there is a fair system of motor roads around the capital itself, but the rest of the country depends almost entirely on slow and irregular communication by sea. Inevitably the outport Newfoundlander suffers in health, education and comfort, and equally certainly the economic development of the colony is retarded, since there are very few communities which can adequately supply labour for industrial projects, and the cost and difficulty of travel make it almost impossible to draw workers from the remote villages.

Only against this background can the record of the Commission Government be adequately assessed. It took over a country in the last stages of decay, floundering in the depths of a world depression, and what it has since accomplished has in the main been good. Control of the fish industry has done much to eliminate cut-throat competition, and a great deal of research has been carried out in an attempt to save this dying trade from extinction. Health services throughout the country have been considerably widened and improved. But other fields which cry aloud for reform have scarcely been affected. Education is under the control of the various religious bodies in the country, a fact which produces the anomaly of three or even four inadequate school buildings and the same number of ill-trained teachers in a settlement of some 700 souls. State education would mean a pooling of expense which would allow for fewer and better schools and more and better teachers. At the present time children are going straight from school into teaching with absolutely no training at all, and frequently before they have reached matriculation standard.

With such a system of education it is not surprising that Newfoundlanders are in a state of bewilderment concerning the processes of government. They are neither able to bear the responsibilities of government themselves nor even to see clearly where their best hope for the future lies. Unless their general education is improved and widespread political education is undertaken, it seems unlikely that the people of Newfoundland ever will have the knowledge and judgment necessary for satisfactory self-government. It is suggested that a big step forward has been made with the setting up of several town councils. Unfortunately, the tactful approach necessary in introducing local government to a completely inexperienced public has not been much in evidence; and even if town councils are successfully established in the larger settlements, this will still only touch the fringe of the problem. We are also told that Newfoundlanders overseas are being given instruction in the principles of democracy and self-government; and, if this has been wisely undertaken, the return of the Servicemen should lead to a great leavening of the dough of ignorance, since proportionately more men have volunteered from Newfoundland than from any other colony in the British Empire. But their knowledge will seem of little account if they return to a country which has made practically no advance since they left it four and five years ago.

Education has made only slight progress; industry has shown small development; Newfoundland has little to offer her returning sons. The fish trade of Newfoundland is admittedly on the decline, and no alternative has been discovered to take its place. The rich ore deposits of the country are so scattered and inaccessible that without vastly improved transportation they cannot be economically developed. Timber, iron and coal are already in the hands of Anglo-American interests, which can supply the capital Newfoundland has never owned. The wartime boom has poured money into the pockets of business men in St. John's and swelled the merchant's bank balance, but it has done very little to improve living conditions for the ordinary man. The fisherman certainly has had far more to spend than ever before, but that has been considerably offset by soaring prices and the fact that his scale of living had sunk so low in the depression era that it took him years to build himself up again to a reasonable standard. When his temporary prosperity fades he will not have much to fall back on. His brother in the Services will have even less.

No Commission Government can cure these ills. To elect a responsible government at this juncture would be fatal. Indeed, mere change of government can effect no genuine improvement so long as the present distribution of wealth continues. The ordinary Newfoundlander realises this and sees no promised land ahead. Security is a state he has never known and does not expect. It is a state he never will achieve unless by some miracle the whole economic structure of the country were overthrown and a completely Socialist society established. Only if the extremes of wealth and poverty were ruthlessly levelled out; only if Newfoundland's resources were developed by a Newfoundland Government for the benefit of all Newfoundlanders; only then would it be possible to see even a moderate prosperity for her people as a whole. Since such an upheaval is not even remotely imaginable, Newfoundland's future looks as grey and impenetrable as one of her own fogs.

A LONDON DIARY

THE *Daily Worker* is to be congratulated on publishing the fullest summary of the American interrogation of General Halder. How far can this story be believed, that Hitler was bluffing in 1938 and that, if Chamberlain had not flown to Godesberg, the Generals would have arrested the Führer? Generals, after a lost war, are apt to argue that they were never given adequate resources; but I happen to know—and there is no longer any reason for concealing this sort of fact—that, throughout the Munich crisis, Goerdeler, later the mainspring of the conspiracy of July 20th, 1944, was desperately trying to get a message through to Chamberlain. He wanted him to know that the anti-Hitler coup would be made if only Chamberlain stated unequivocally our determination to fight. I believe that his agent succeeded in getting this message to Lord Vansittart. But Lord Vansittart was out of favour by then, and it never reached the Prime Minister.

* * *

Some surprising figures given me by an American friend have a bearing on the Halder story. If they are to be trusted—and they are said to come from an unexceptionable German source—they suggest that our Intelligence in the "phoney war" period may have over-estimated German strength. On these figures, which at first sound incredible, aeroplane production in 1940 was 11 German to 15 British planes. So, too, I am told, the German statistics indicate that the French Armies in 1940 had more, and in some cases better, tanks at their disposal. The difference was that the Germans used every piece of equipment they possessed, whereas the French never deployed their armour.

* * *

If this information is true—and, of course, it is always possible that German Intelligence over-estimated *our* resources—we shall have to do a lot of rewriting of the history of the war. M. Daladier, who has always maintained that the Popular Front did not wreck French production, and that it was the Generals who betrayed France by refusing to use the tanks, will be vindicated. On the other hand, Mr. Churchill, who "revealed" the inadequacy of our Air Force and the giant strength of the Luftwaffe, was, by this account, "played for a sucker" by General Goering. Did he not, unwittingly, play right into Hitler's hands by persuading Mr. Chamberlain that Germany's aircraft production was three times bigger than it really was? One could continue for ever with this sort of speculation; indeed, it will go on, if the information continues to dribble out in more or less official "leaks." It is surely time that the Government published a White Paper, summarizing the most important conclusions to be drawn from the examination of German State papers and the interrogation of Generals, technicians and Ministers. And while they are about it, why don't they publish the papers of Paul Schmidt, Hitler's interpreter? I gather that we have in our possession verbatims of every conversation which Schmidt interpreted, embellished with annotations by Ribbentrop. I should like to read them, without any cuts at all.

* * *

The need for an interpreter makes it difficult to conduct an argument; but, despite this limitation, I got a very clear impression, when talking with the Greek Regent last week, both of his personality and of his policy. He is non-political in the sense that he believes that Left-Wing politicians disturb the peace by "introducing politics" and that "atrocities" in Greece were the work of the Communists and brigands of E.A.M. He genuinely wants to restore "democratic freedom" in Greece, provided that, by so doing, he does not alter the result of the Civil War. It is a wholesome experience to listen to him and to be reminded that the present situation in Greece is a post-revolutionary situation. The Left was defeated, largely by British troops. That, in the Regent's opinion, saved Greece from Communist dictatorship. Unlike some of his supporters in London, he does not attempt to deny that our forces supported one side in a civil war—in his view, the right side. But once this is admitted, the very idea that real democracy can be restored by the holding of elections this autumn is grotesque. The Regent admitted that 16,000 "prisoners" are still in gaol. How many of these are "rebels"? The official figure issued in Athens on August 23 was 12,000, as compared with 4,000 "Common Criminals." The Greek Minister of Justice now states that "criminals," convicted and awaiting trial number 8,600, and "rebels" 5,400—a change in proportion which suggests that a "statistical amnesty" has been achieved by a convenient re-classification. With this point the Archbishop did not deal; but he argued that *habeas corpus* has now been restored, and legitimately pointed to the freedom of the press in Greece. He left me with the impression that he would like to mitigate the harshness of the victors, but will do no more to mitigate the fact of the Right-wing victory than Mr. Baldwin did after the General Strike.

* * *

"And then there was the strange incident of the dog barking in the night."

"But I heard no dog bark in the night."

"Precisely, my dear Watson; the dog did not bark in the night."

This old Sherlockian dialogue, which I quote inaccurately from memory, strikes me as unpleasantly apposite to the complete silence on the part of the Russians at the decision of the United States to withhold the secrets of the atomic bomb. The idea that this secrecy will keep the process secret has been bluntly described this week as "just rot" by Professor Olivant, one of the British scientists responsible for the bomb's development. The principles on which the bomb is based are now well known, he says, to everyone. I have no doubt whatever that the Russians are hard at work perfecting nuclear technique, and that their present silence covers a lot of thinking about the Anglo-American attitude to the U.S.S.R. Unless and until the World Security Council becomes the sole repository of this means of destruction, the United Nations Organisation will remain a deceptive and dangerous façade, and the work of its Preparatory Commission in planning the first Constituent Assembly to be held in London next December will be labour lost.

* * *

Sir Stafford Cripps used to be the bogy-man of British business, but it looks as though he may end by converting at least the small factory owner into an ardent socialist. A neighbour of mine in the country owns a small engineering shop. During the election we had hardly been on speaking terms. Last week I met him in the local pub and he greeted me warmly with the remark that the Labour Government was not doing half badly. When I asked him why he had changed his mind, he explained that all his war contracts had been suddenly cancelled and he had been left with a lot of material on his hands and nothing to make. Then a Whitehall official arrived one day at the factory, had a look round, and remarked: "Why don't you turn out 100,000 cigarette lighters?" My neighbour replied that he couldn't possibly dispose of them. To which the official replied that the Ministry would take the lot off his hands and pay him 1*d.* each net profit. "Now that," said my friend, "is horse sense. No worry for me about a sales organisation a small profit but a safe one, and I know where I am. If that is socialism, I'm for it." Funnily enough, it is socialism.

* * *

I shall look forward to reading the new *Daily Worker* which is promised us as soon as newsprint control is relaxed. The decision to make the paper into a co-operative society with a democratic constitution is one that should do much to broaden its appeal and extend the original Communist idea of associating its readers with the fortunes of the paper. Anyone can now hold shares to £200 and the shareholders will elect the Committee of Management, which will be responsible for running the *Worker* as soon as the changeover takes place, possibly some time next spring. If the People's Press, as the new society is called, manages to raise the £150,000 it is calling for, equip its new plant and expands its staff, I see no reason why it should fail to reach the half-million circulation at which it is aiming.

* * *

A friend of mine, recently needing the service of a children's nurse for his household, had recourse to various Employment Agencies. Ultimately he was provided by one Agency with a nurse—for a single week only. For this service the Agency, which also takes a substantial commission from all employees placed, charged him over a guinea, intimating that permanent nurses (engagement fee to employer, two guineas) were practically unobtainable, but a series of "temporaries" could perhaps be provided at a guinea a time. Agencies perform no service which could not be rendered by Labour Exchanges; they divert domestic labour anti-socially into rich houses, regardless of real needs, and exploit the snobbishness which keeps those in search of honourable domestic employment away from "the Labour."

* * *

I am glad to hear from Victor Gollancz that "Save Europe Now" are doing what I suggested last week that they should do. Postcards (addressed 144 Southampton Row, W.C.1) are invited from persons willing to contribute food or "points" towards parcels for distribution in famine areas. Pending establishment of collecting depots only these postcards should be sent. The execution of the scheme must obviously depend on the Government's agreement to sponsor it.

* * *

I hadn't heard this French Resistance story before. Apparently an old lady had taught her parrot to say "Mort aux Boches." Suddenly she had a member of the Gestapo billeted on her. He told the old lady that next time he heard it he would kill the parrot. Very worried, she asked the Curé to help. He had, he said, a very well brought up parrot which he would exchange for hers. They swapped. That night when the Gestapo man came in the parrot said nothing. At last, losing his temper, he shouted "Mort aux Boches." The parrot said, "May the good Lord answer your prayers, my son."

POLYCRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to E. Tappenden.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

The Palmer family of Camden Town and Cambridgeshire have failed in their great war-time ambition—to breed a red, white and blue Victory mouse before World War No. 2 came to an end.—*Reynolds News.*

Expectant mother required to stand in queue for busy housewife.—*The Esher News and Advertiser.*

Shavers required for shaving raw lizards. London district. High wages plus bonus. Regular employment.—Advert. in *Northampton Chronicle and Echo.*

Friday Night is Carnival Night at 7.30. Prizes for the lucky ones. Also a real live Baby given away as a prize. You may be the lucky one.—Advert. in *The Essex Chronicle.*

£4,000.—A Bath Room for Private Sale.—Advert. in *The Times.*

CLIMATE AND HISTORY

CLIMATE and its influence on history has become in the last twenty years, above all in America, a subject of exact study. Physiologists have revised their experiments and statistics have been called in to trace the relationship of temperature and humidity with birth rates, death rates and income levels. The result is a confident generalisation which tells us that the fullest development of human energy is to be expected only in the temperate zones. This may seem a modest conclusion: the pioneers knew, without these laborious investigations, so very much more. Montesquieu felt able to sketch the contrasted characters that prevail in cold climates and in hot. On this he based, in chapter after chapter of his essay *De L'Esprit des Lois*, his analysis of the laws and institutions of the peoples of Europe and Asia. Freedom and despotism, slavery, polygamy and what not were all deduced in the minutest detail from this one circumstance of temperature.

This stress on climate as the influence that decides all human development and dictates the morals and politics of mankind, started a debate that is still undecided. Montesquieu's analysis, his more radical contemporaries felt, was fatalistic and conservative. Climate they believed to be unalterable: but the "philosophers" were unwilling to accept the consequence or to set limits to human perfectibility. While the sun continued to blaze on Africa and Asia, must they abandon the hope of making an end there of slavery and despotism? So the rationalist century answered that it is not the unchangeable physical environment that shapes national character, but the variable social environment—opinions, superstitions, education, institutions. The weak part of the answer lay in attributing "superstition" to the self-interest of priests and kings: the hopeful part of it lay in the belief that human nature is an infinitely malleable stuff, which "princes," as Helvétius puts it, can modify much as gardeners improve fruit trees. In Condorcet's hands the doctrine blossomed into a confident programme of liberty and prosperity for the tropics. The Revolution chose to ignore the handicap of climate and proclaimed the equality of men of all the colours in all the latitudes. How far have we got, with the aid of science, towards a synthesis of these doctrines?

Experiment has confirmed Montesquieu's central assumption. A temperate climate does favour both energy and intelligence. Professor Clarence Mills in his very readable book,* describes his laboratory experiments on many generations of white rats, which all came of the same stock. At a moderate temperature they ate lustily, grew and matured quickly, kept their zest in life, showed a high resistance to infection and bred numerous and healthy families. In the tropical cage they ate only half as much, grew and matured slowly, became relatively lethargic, succumbed easily to infection and, though they mated as freely, bred fewer and less healthy offspring. Deprived for a time of a favourite food rich in vitamins of the B group, the "temperate" rats showed daring and resourcefulness and got it by raiding other cages; the "tropical" rats, though in much greater need of this food, made no effort to get it. Even more interesting was the result of an intelligence test on rats kept at 65°, 76° and 90° F. A favourite food was placed at the end of a maze. The "temperate" rats learned the trick quickly; they soon raced through the maze, and after an interval of three months their memory was still good. The "tropical" rats learned slowly, failed frequently, and after the interval forgot everything. The "intermediate" rats were in every respect mediocre.

These experiments must be interpreted with caution. These were American rats, bred for generations in a temperate climate. Would African rats, bred in the tropics, have shown the same results? Again, the psychological differences between men and rats may nullify some of these conclusions. Perhaps for psychological reasons, the races of the temperate zone, unlike rats, are less fertile than those of the tropics, if we may rely on the birth-rate in the U.S.A., which is for whites 17, for negroes 21, and for Mexicans 25 per 1,000. A further query, suggests itself about this experiment. Rats have in the tail a mechanism of adaptation to heat and cold, comparable to the ear of elephants. In the tropical cage it developed to unusual length; in the cool cage it dwindled. Negroes in their thick skull, dark pigmentation and the form of the nose (which is in us all an air-conditioning mechanism), are similarly adaptable.

For confirmation that climate does affect human energy, much as it affects rats, we have the elaborate studies of comparative statistics, which the American pioneer, Ellsworth Huntingdon, began. Mr. S. F. Markham in the mature and elaborately documented essay he has just published† has carried them, albeit with greater scientific caution, rather further. The assumption is that their material civilisation is an easily measurable reflection of "the energy of nations." A series of maps shows us first what is assumed to be the favourable climatic area of Europe and then the status in the hierarchy of "civilisation" of its peoples, when tested by low death rates, low infantile mortality, high national income per head and the proportion of world trade per head. The climatic map favours the British Isles, Southern Norway and Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, France, Switzerland, Germany and a segment of Northern Spain. The maps of "civilisation" show by all four tests a startling correspondence with the climatic map. The maps of the United States tell the same tale.

Has science, then, confirmed the fatalism of Montesquieu? By no means. His survey was static and allowed nothing for man's reaction against climate and his success in controlling it by clothing, artificial heating, architecture and diet. Professor Mills adopts the slogan "Climate makes the man." The facts, even on his own showing, are against him, for a long and stimulating chapter in history records the struggle of man through the millennia to make climate. Indoors, given cheap electricity, he has with air-conditioning finally succeeded. It was fatally determined, as Mr. Markham argues, that civilisation could begin only where it did begin, near the 70° F. isotherm in Egypt, Sumeria and the Indus Valley. Nature gave a climate in which primitive man could work energetically with a minimum of clothing and shelter: she gave also the rivers and the wild wheat. All the rest—a spate of technical inventions—was man's reaction to a favourable physical environment. The "philosophers" who answered Montesquieu could have argued, had they known the facts, that it was "education" and "institutions," to use their dialect, that created the great city civilisations of these river-basins. Irrigation made it necessary to organise a centralised State, based on the idea of a divine king. Mr. Markham throws into high relief the invention of hypocaustic central heating, made probably in Ionia, as one of the factors that favoured the migration of civilisation's focus from Egypt to Greece and Rome.

The long range oscillations of climate played a decisive part in European history. The long warm spell that began in the fifth century of our era enabled the Norsemen to colonise Greenland and grow wheat in Iceland, and gave them the energy to wander southwards as conquerors. In later centuries it shifted the centre of gravity of civilisation from the Mediterranean to North-Western Europe. We remember too seldom that up to the Reformation wine was grown in South-Eastern England. Mr. Markham traces with knowledge and insight the gradual conquest of the climate that was achieved before it turned colder once more. It is possible to fix approximate dates for the general adoption of woollen clothing, of the fireplace and chimneys in Elizabethan England and of the stove a little earlier in Germany. So we come to the "coal civilisations" which vanquished cold and humidity, before they utilised their characteristic fuel for power and therefore for wealth.

Mr. Markham may be justified in stressing the part climate played in the creation of the brilliant Islamic civilisation that throve round Cordova on the isotherm of 70° F. while Christian Europe shivered in barbarism. But its tolerant "institutions" were the decisive factor and with them the diffusion of Hellenic culture. The subsequent eclipse of Southern Spain is a reminder that climate alone cannot make either energy or civilisation. Both these writers fail when they try to make a short-range use of the climatic theme to interpret recent history. Japan's success over Russia in 1904 was not, as Mr. Markham suggests, the victory of a mild over a severe climate. It was the victory of an intact over a decaying national myth.

In closing these stimulating books every reader will ask what promise our increasing control of climate holds out to civilisation. Can we anticipate the introduction in unfavourable latitudes of the conditions that make elsewhere for energy and the externals of culture?

Air-conditioning is too costly to offer any hope for the homes of the masses in the tropics. But there is much to be learned from an experiment in a Filipino factory, where it instantly increased output by 30 per cent. and improved the health of the workers. Its compulsory adoption in Indian factories would mean a great advance both in wealth and happiness. But even more might be gained, more easily and cheaply, from recent discoveries about the importance of the vitamins of the B group in a tropical diet. They quicken the processes of internal combustion, so that the desirable loss of heat takes place easily and a man can remain energetic and mentally alert, without succumbing to the lassitude which a hot climate normally imposes. Unhappily the native foods of the tropics are poor in the B group, as Mr. Mills demonstrates. It has been found that thiamin tablets, which happen to be cheap, will preserve the white man's energy in the tropics. One day an enlightened government in a free India will dissipate the last fumes of Montesquieu's climatic pessimism by serving out these tablets free to every village.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

*Climate makes the Man. GOLLANCZ. 7s. 6d.

†Climate and the Energy of Nations. OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS. 18s.

LETTER FROM CARINTHIA

THINGS are at last getting organised. Not that a clear-cut policy is everywhere discernible. Yet nearly all the vagrant refugees have been taken off the roads and foreign workers are gradually despatched to their various countries of origin. Most German soldiers have been repatriated to Germany, leaving a few thousand organised in labour companies to carry on essential work. Austrian soldiers are mostly on the land, together with some Hungarians.

The Hungarians form an odd exception. You see them everywhere—in groups encamped in fields, or riding the road in expensive cars with luscious well-dressed wives and mistresses. There is some sort of organisation, an Hungarian General somewhere, etc., but they seem quite unco-ordinated and descend on the countryside like locusts (their many horses, of course, consume much grass). There aren't so many of them, but they carry on as if nothing had ever happened. And some of them are rather charming. All colonels, of course, with the exception of one I met the other day: "Ich bin Kapitään in Marine Ungarisches, bitta schään! Zuletzt bin ich gefahren auf Plattensee. Meine Sohn, Miklоosch, kann er auch sprechen deitsch." He was sitting in a remote village with his son

and some 40 others, including women, girls, goats, horses and some Hungarian ham which was good. He also gave me cigarettes—two kinds, one "für Offiziere" and one "für Soldaten." I shall visit him again and we shall have a party. I am sure he is a Fascist.

For many weeks now we have been concentrating on civilians. De-nazification is the principal job. There has been absolutely no subversive activity anywhere. Nazis are still in the habit of meeting, but it is difficult to prove it in court. And, of course, we are already back with our good old principles of British justice, which make things difficult at times.

Carinthia was a Nazi stronghold. Arrests of Nazi officials, SS, SA and the like—we have complete tables of arrestable categories—have long passed four figures. Unfortunately, some of the worst people are not arrestable. The big business men, too busy making money even to occupy a party appointment, but financing the party from an early date, are the type one should run in in a big way. But it's rather difficult. So many middle-class types who did well under Dollfuss and under the Nazis are now doing well under our administration.

Carinthia is not representative of Austria, let alone of Germany. There is next to no industrial population. Farmers predominate and they were Nazis to a man. Even the anti-Nazis tend to some extent towards compromise. This province will never be completely cleaned up because one cannot do without shady characters.

AMG are doing their best. It is not always easy for MG officers—instructions come in weeks late, there have to be many makeshifts, there is insufficient staff. Yet I think this country would be quite efficiently run—if only we were a little more ruthless. There are still so many wealthy locals with duly licensed cars, their wives safely tucked away in some mountain Kurhaus, who should now be doing some honest work in form of forced labour. We simply show too much respect for money. Obviously, these people are very anxious to please. And so the British officer—with the exception of the "they-are-all-bastards"-type—will take the view: "Mr. Berger is a decent old boy, isn't he, and the daughters are rather charming, what, and he has asked us to go hunting with him, good chap."

The nobility—few and far between in Carinthia—are above suspicion with few exceptions. They are unpretentious, especially after residence in Dachau, an experience shared by many.

German officers get my "goat." They still carry on, literally, as if there had been no German defeat. Not all of them, but surprisingly many. We have locked up the SS, but the ordinary Wehrmacht personnel counts as surrendered personnel, not P.o.W. They are still run by their own officers. Many have left for Germany, others are in charge of labour companies. They wear uniform, of course, and many of them have their own cars. You never see a German officer drive himself. We go about in jeeps, on motor-bikes, on our own. Not so the German officer. Always a driver. If he only has a motor-bike, it is either one with a sidecar—with the officer in the sidecar—or he rides pillion. I do dislike them so. It really is the limit to see them, months after the armistice, stroll past you with that studied air of nonchalance, ordering their troops about the place. I hope they are tougher on them in Germany.

Just imagine: six weeks ago I found a German Lieutenant General, in civvies, in a Kurhaus with his wife. Fresh from Russian front, went home, joined his wife. I made him put on his uniform and took him to a German Concentration Area run by another German General under our supervision. He is now in charge of all soldiers who have been separated from their units. He has a car, a driver. He can ride about freely in a wide area. He goes to see his wife at the Kurhaus when the spirit moves him—in full general's uniform. I see him occasionally, because the Kurhaus is in my area. He takes his wife off for a few days whenever he likes. He is just having a jolly good time. Still, he really does not enjoy himself as much as one would think. I had a word with him the other day. "Mein Wagen taugt nicht viel," was his principal theme. Poor chap, they might have given him a better car!

A. M. G.

Klagenfurt, August.

MUSICAL CONSERVATISM

Amid the welter of concert-giving and musical activities of every kind in which this country has been plunged for some time now, and especially since the war, I think the time has come for us to pause a moment and take stock of the situation as it is to-day. A question we might well ask ourselves, for instance, is: What effect is all this feverish, but somewhat unco-ordinated, activity going to have upon the rising generation? Will it have provided the new recruits to music (and their name is legion) with any valid standards or directives in taste or judgment which will be of use to them in the future?

This is true, of course, not only of London and the big provincial towns, but also of smaller centres all over the British Isles; and to this vast audience of concert-goers we must not forget to add the many millions of listeners to the B.B.C. It follows that the total amount of music offered for consumption to-day is enormous, while the number of music-consumers, actual and potential, reaches almost terrifying proportions.

So far, so good. But what about the quality of the fare provided? What strikes us most forcibly, if we examine concert and radio programmes, is the narrowness of the *range* of music offered. Admittedly the "classics" must have their place; but the reluctance of the average concert-goer to leave the well-worn track and embark on uncharted seas is, a disquieting feature in the musical life of the country.

As far as the B.B.C. is concerned, being financially independent it has less excuse for its policy of playing for safety and for its extraordinary tolerance of mediocrity than have the public concert-giving organisations. True, it includes in its programmes from time to time works by contemporary composers, but more often, one suspects, for "policy" reasons than from a genuine desire to promulgate new music. "Policy" is a convenient term, covering a multitude of sins; but one is sometimes tempted to ask whether the B.B.C. can be said to have a genuine music policy which is governed by artistic and not, as so often happens, by purely internal or domestic considerations, such as, for example, the necessity of employing its orchestras for so many hours per week, and shaping programmes to fit in with the time allocated and the resources available at any given period. So long as programme-builders are hampered by considerations of this nature, an enlightened music policy in broadcasting will remain a dream.

But to return to the incuriosity of the musical public—the "music-lovers" who are the principal supporters of the big concert-giving societies. They will listen to Beethoven, Tchaikovsky or Brahms, but are determined not to enlarge the field of their musical experience. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the musical public was more enlightened. Nobody then really wanted to hear old music, except perhaps a few faddists: the music of their contemporaries was good enough for the music-lovers of those days; consequently composers found a market during their lifetime, and didn't have to wait a hundred years before becoming famous. The reason, of course, is simple: music then was a living, essential part of the life and culture of the day, not a museum exhibit to be taken out of its glass case occasionally, polished, and then put back. What is needed to-day is a lively sympathy for, and understanding of, the problems confronting the contemporary composer. He should be made to feel that he is an indispensable part of our social structure; we should take as much interest in what he is trying to say to-day as we do in what the old masters were saying the day before yesterd

The general public is probably as "musical-minded" as it has ever been; but it liste haphazard, and is strangely unenterprisi Partly, no doubt, our educational system to blame, since it implies that practically the music that matters was composed betwe 1700 and 1900 in Central Europe. Great figu like Monteverdi, Gesualdo, the Scarlattis, Lassus, Palestrina, Vittoria, the Couper Rameau and Lully and, earlier still, the Fre Masters of the thirteenth and fourtee centuries such Adam de la Halle and Guillau de Machault are usually looked upon being "outside" the main stream of Europe music—though heaven knows the vitality a passion, the technical proficiency and dar unconventionality revealed in the music these masters, entitle them to far wi recognition than they actually receive. Si larly, our own Purcell and Byrd and other Elizabethans and Restoration compos are not yet honoured as they deserve; a fa museum odour still clings to them, and th music, when performed, is apt to be surround by a slightly "precious" atmosphere.

The confusion in our musical thinking to-da I would suggest, arises partly from a failure recognise the continuity of music, its essen "one-ness," and a tendency to conceive progr in terms of time rather than of values. Mu does not automatically "progress" as time flo on; a new mind will create new music in a epoch, and there are no sound reasons for su posing that the twentieth century is any m "advanced" than the fifteenth.

Musical culture in England has reached a criti stage. What we need is a purge to sweep away cl ging prejudices and muddled enthusiasms; w need, too, to learn how to make the best use of o native resources and talent, and to cultivate awareness of the contemporary scene beyo our own frontiers. Going to concerts, becau we like hearing music—any music—is not enou As a first step the student or amateur could worse than take Stravinsky's advice and start musical education backwards. For "it is i possible," asserts Stravinsky, "for the mode man to understand thoroughly the art of an epo anterior to his own, and to grasp its full meani underneath an old-fashioned exterior and couch in a language which is no longer spoken, unl he has a lively apprehension of the contempor world and participates consciously in the l around him. For only those who are essential *alive* can discover what is really vital in th who are supposed to be 'dead'." These words to be pondered; and if we are to fos the growth of a satisfying, well-balanced musi culture, I am convinced this line of approach one that should be encouraged.

Rollo H. Myers

RADIO NOTES

Listening to a whole week of Forces Educatio Broadcasts, one cannot mistake the intelligence w which the general scheme has been planned, and t high level of good sense and interest in the act material. The fault lies elsewhere—in the tone delivery, which is almost uniformly that of a bedtime story. "It's all right, Nanny's with yo these voices seem to be saying, whether they are ind cating facts about music or giving advice on how choose a home. But does the audience for th programmes really need a nightlight? The ABC feature, "Where do we go from Here?" suggest on the contrary, that the men and women of the For are far too much alive to the nature of the proble that face them, to be enchanted by this or any ot kind of patronage. Neither is there any need preach, hector, or exhort; all that is required is thusiasm—that Poltergeist of which the dons Broadcasting House go in continual terror—and t voices of Hope, Confidence and Adventure. It the sense of enjoyment—of excitement and joy even small discoveries—which our radio so sa lacks. Synthetic geniality is no effective substit

these qualities, without which it is impossible to convincing. What British radio needs most is nds and voices like those of the Free Frenchmen o broadcast to France during the war—broadcasters genius like Pierre Maillaud, whose voice alone was all to action.

In many ways the Mancunian actors of ABCA ed this particular bill to perfection. For some son Northerners can manage anger much more vincingly than we of the south, who tend to become ill when aroused. As a tract for the times, "Where we go from Here?" struck the right note; it ed the facts without sentimentality or puerile vio- ce, and its conclusions were moderate and sane. ly the snooty voices of officialdom jarred by their reality; it was a pity to have impaired the serious- s of this programme with caricature.

If there were any signs that the maddening ban on broadcasting of songs in German was being lifted, re would be no need to underline the immense, t not at all astonishing, enthusiasm which greeted isabeth Schumann at her first reappearance here ce the war. Many of us count past performances Lieder as well as in opera) of this delicious singer ong our most cherished musical memories. What oy—and how amazing—it was to hear her singing well as ever, if not better! The utter youthfulness her voice made it almost impossible to believe the inted evidence of her age.

Finally, two outstanding talks—by Sir Frederick e on Ack-Ack, and by Professor Denis Saurat on late Paul Valéry. Sir Frederick Pile, with his light sh accent, and his unaffected delivery, made the st of a subject that was bound to interest almost erybody. Professor Saurat's subject was more ondite; but his approach to it must have charmed d delighted all those who heard it. Since Sir Max erbohm's last broadcast, I have not heard so iginal, or so entertaining, a style. The combination grave apprehension of Valéry as a poet, with morous resignation to his affectations as a thinker, s peculiarly French—and wildly funny. This talk ould have been given at 9.15 p.m., instead of at 3. Caution as usual, I'm afraid.

RECOMMENDATIONS.—*September 23rd*, "Savona- la Brown" (4.30); "This is Freedom" (7.0).

September 24th. Concert (7.30).

September 25th. Brains Trust (8.15).

September 26th. B.B.C. Orchestra, Grumiaux in alton Violin Concerto (7.45); "The Learned unatics" (9.45).

September 27th. The Diary of a Nobody (L.P., o).

September 28th. "Send Him Victorious" (Arne,).

September 29th. Children's House (Dobson and ung, 5.15); Who's Who in the New House of ommons (Lord Winterton, 7.45).

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

TWO PLAYS

UR theatrical appetites are being whetted by a oto-season. A pre-autumnal revival is already on us. At the Arts the success, first, of *Getting arried* and now of Pinero's *Thunderbolt*, is full promise, and no less exciting are the fainter t distinct stirrings of life in the regions of Notting ill Gate, particularly but not exclusively from the ercury Theatre, where a series of New Plays Poets has begun.

Most of us, brought up on Bernard Shaw's tremen- us Theatrical Criticism, have taken it for granted at Pinero is the villain of the piece, that his amatic subject was to persuade the boxes and the lls that the theatre was "all right" socially; and at therefore with this end in view he presented nes (as Shaw says) wherein "a tailor's advertise- nt made sentimental remarks to a milliner's vertisement in the middle of an upholsterer's and corator's advertisement." Can this new production lly be Pinero's, we think, set as it is in an atmos- ere of hideous provincialism, and is this, after all, at hitherto suspect object the Well-Made-Play? Most of us have learned to judge these from Galsworthy and Barrie. The *Thunderbolt* has the steely ring of the best Galsworthy, without the incubus of the too explicit social moral and without Barrie's sentimentality. The play is most exciting, and the acting so uniformly good that one realises the presence of brilliant production (by Mr. Peter Streuli) in the background. It is the kind of production which can not only make details like the clatter of tea-cups or the reading of a newspaper interesting and significant; it can stamp the play so firmly into one mould that neither the unmitigated consistency of the characters nor the stiltedness of the dialogue seem unnatural or out of place, when all are thus controlled within the same style.

Nevertheless, the weakness of Pinero lies in the language, which is more prosaic than life. The absence of poetry is extraordinarily complete. There is plenty of poetry in Norman Nicholson's much less well-made play at the Mercury. Yet the production suffers from a fault common to many modern poetical dramas. The stylisation tax which poetry imparts to the dialogue seems to be made the excuse for ironing out all subtlety from the characters. The manner of the Squire, who insists on cutting down the last tree on the lonely cottager's last half-acre, is pure Murgatroyd. The simple cottagers themselves are so very simple that the strong poetical images put into their mouths seem as out of place as a literary allusion in a farming paper, and Robert Speaight has to use all his cleverness to convince us that he is as single-minded as the simple old wandering farmer subject to moments of inspiration—a part for which, quite wrongly, we should not have immediately cast him.

STEPHEN POTTER

FASHION

"Le Théâtre de la Mode," at 195 Piccadilly

In a sensibly arranged world each country thrives by exporting what it can make better than its neighbours. A revival, therefore, in the export of French frocks (as of French wines) not only is important to the French economy but must be welcomed by everyone who cares for the notion of quality. The exhibition in Piccadilly of clothes designed by the leading Paris dressmakers is arranged with all the consummate taste one expects. Artists like Bérard and Cocteau have furbished the scenery in which the miniature mannequins are set—a whole Lilliput of elegance. The whole effect is so charming that only afterwards do some awkward questions suggest themselves. Why, when there are hardly enough textiles in France, indeed in Europe, to provide the most skimpy covering, have the Paris designers plumped for ballooning skirts that demand a wild superfluity of material? Why have they not used their inventiveness to show how style can triumph over an exiguity of material? Moreover, judged on purely æsthetic grounds, why do so many of these clothes look like fancy-dress? Why is the classic restraint of the best French dressmakers so little in evidence? The answer to all these questions is no doubt that the designers had their eyes firmly fixed on the requirements of the Americas. Europe cannot afford to purchase, and so the unsophisticated taste of Hollywood stars must be indulged. As a short-term policy this is comprehensible. And, given the decision to make clothes theatrical and emphatic, the results are wonderful. Indeed, one is so delighted by the whole pretty spectacle that only as an afterthought comes the wish that the French tradition (already before the war dilapidated by the surrealist talent of the Italian Schiaparelli) could again be asserted in its native refinement.

TELEGRAPH POLES

These, in the dusk, are bars
On the lit score of Spring,
When early-comer stars
Lean outward, listening
Rams to the music muster
Their horned and tenor herds
Where, on a wire stave, cluster
The semi-quaver birds.

PAUL DEHN

Peace has only begun

Peace has begun—begun to dismantle
bomb shelters and road blocks,
mined beaches and wire.
The road signs are back
on the roads of our Island,
the roads that wind safely
to Mother and Dad.
The boys are preparing
for joyous reunions,
for work and careers;
the girls for new homes.
The black years are over
the grim task is done,
the long war is over,
and peace has begun.
Now on to the future!
New tasks, new plans, new problems,
new sowing, new harvest—
the harvest of peace . . .
For this new beginning,
this mighty New Hope,
this Glorious Opportunity
Let us give thanks.

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Correspondence

OUR JOB IN GERMANY

SIR,—In your issue of September 8th Mr. Crossman points out clearly the conditions and difficulties under which the Control Commission operates in Germany. Will you permit an American observer in Germany to underline his statement that "we have decided that the Germans are not fit to govern themselves"? Absolute rule of every phase of German life is the policy of the American as well as the British Government. After a careful study of Anglo-American administration in Germany, I am forced to the conclusion that it has not faced up to the main responsibility of a ruler—ruling with an objective—unless that objective be the utter obliteration of the German nation as an integral part of European economic and cultural life. To the best of my knowledge that is not the avowed intention of these two countries, nor the general personal wish of their officials in Germany. The trouble may be traced to the lack of a definite plan and misinterpretation of the existing vague policies.

Germany rose to its brief democratic peak under the Weimar Republic largely through the influence and leadership of its trade unions. General Eisenhower's broadcast to the German people, in which he stated that German workers would be allowed free organisation of trade unions when conditions permitted, has been interpreted in two distinct ways. The Germans considered it a promise of freedom to organise when hostilities ended, while the British and Americans placed greater emphasis on "when conditions permitted." On the latter point there are two schools of thought: (1) We should not allow trade unions until there is evidence as to what the Germans think and want. (2) We should allow the workers to form trade unions immediately, adjusting such organisations later according to conditions and Allied policy. Developments are proving the first argument to be rather fatuous. How can we know what the Germans think and want when we only allow them such limited means of expressing their thoughts and desires?

Since the Allied Agreement at Potsdam, there has been some relaxation of the former stringent policy But efforts towards zonal or national trade union organisations are being strangled in red tape by directives requiring Military Government permission to form organisations beyond local or *Kreis* level. Detailed evidence has to be given to support applications for wider organisation, and this is virtually impossible owing to the restrictions on travel.

Now is the time when alert, active labour organisations can be of greatest help to the German people in re-creating democracy, and of immeasurable aid to the occupying forces in marshalling the energies of the working people into the Herculean task of putting the wheels in motion and preventing Germany becoming a liability to Europe and to the world.

On the British side, an encouraging sign has been the invitation issued by the Minister of Labour, on behalf of the Control Commission, to the T.U.C. at its Conference at Blackpool last week, to appoint a delegation to meet the Control Commission to discuss labour and industrial problems. It is to be hoped that one of the results of such discussion will be the realisation of the need to appoint experienced trade unionists to serve in the Manpower Division of the Control Commission. The American Control Commission and American Labour organisations have recognised this need by appointing trade unionists and labour experts to their Manpower Division.

The welfare and working conditions of the German people will directly affect that of the workers in all countries, a fact which I am sure most of the delegates to the World Trade Union Conference in Paris will realise. The organisation of German trade unions, therefore, should, and no doubt will, occupy an important place on the agenda of that Conference.

X. Y. Z.

GERMAN PRESS

SIR,—The existence of a monopoly press, army-controlled, in Germany, and the slowness in allowing the Germans to produce their own newspapers and organs of opinion may be regrettable, but it is not sinister. The difficulties confronting Information Services Control in the British zone are as great as its responsibilities.

One of the greatest, and practically insurmountable, difficulties is newsprint. At present it allows only bi-weekly newspapers at a rate of 1 per 5 of the population—9,000,000 copies weekly. That, with the requirements of the military for weekly newspapers for the Wehrmacht camps and displaced persons, absorbs almost the entire production of the two mills functioning in the zone, leaving a dangerously inadequate margin for the reserves which should be built up against the winter risks to transport and production. Thrice-weekly papers cannot be contemplated until after December 1st, and regular dailies are not in prospect in either the British or American zone. Competitive papers are out of the question, and the problem is how to safeguard the monopolies against exploitation and abuse.

The other problem is the inadequate resources the British authorities for finding and "screening the potential German licensees to whom the new papers could be entrusted.

RITCHIE CALDER

COLLEGE TUTORS

SIR,—May I be allowed, as an old Corpus man a a regular reader of THE NEW STATESMAN since first appeared, to offer some comments on Mr. Cro man's review of Dr. Grundy's book, *Fifty-five Y at Oxford*. Mr. Crossman selects three very unus characters in an untypical college—Corpus (Oxford as arguments for an attack on the College system Oxford and Cambridge. Corpus was, and is, small college, with less than 100 men in residen It was before my time and during it and, no dou also up to the beginning of the war, a poor-ma college with a very high standard, hard worki hard playing and rather austere. Mr. Crossman s that Dr. Grundy "helped to defeat a plot to el as Warden Arthur Sedgwick." Actually, the head Corpus is not Warden, but president, and the di tinguished scholar was "Sidgwick," not "Sedgwick These are small points but it is as well to be accura In my time Thomas Case was not yet presider but a tutor of the College. I met him frequen after he became president. He was an excelle scholar, a good but unorthodox teacher, and a gre authority on architecture. He was popular with t undergraduates and greatly benefited the Colle by obtaining the Miss Thomas bequest, from whi I believe the University also benefited. I kn Cuthbert Shields well. He was undoubtedly m in a mild way. I believe he was the last of the Life fellows. He did not teach, and to say "apparen Cuthbert Shields remained tutor in modern histo for many years" is entirely inaccurate. While was up the history tutor was O. M. Edwards, of Lincol an excellent teacher. Cuthbert Shields' intercour with undergraduates was confined to entertaini them at breakfast, and I believe he did a good ma charitable acts by stealth, but he did not teach. Shields would be well over 100 if now alive, I do n think any criticism of the modern Oxford or Ca bridge can be founded on him.

What Mr. Crossman omits to mention is that Oxford the college tutors and lecturers were f quently shared by undergraduates of other colleg For instance, when I read modern history my tu was O. M. Edwards, of Lincoln, an exacting t inspiring teacher who taught us how to work. I al attended lectures by A. L. Smith, at Balliol, al lectures at Keble and All Souls. I also attended t lectures of H. J. Mackinder (afterwards Sir Halfo

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Mackinder) on historical geography (he was a University lecturer), and of Oman on military history. I was not a scholar or exhibitioner, but just a typical, ordinary undergraduate. I do not think this system altered at all after I went down. Mr. Crossman is evidently a believer in "Gleichschaltung."

Clifton Manor, E. G. ROSCOE.
Near Rugby.

PARLIAMENTARY REFORM

SIR,—In the Debate on August 24th on the Government's proposal to appoint a Select Committee to consider reforms in the Standing Orders of the House of Commons, Mr. Quintin Hogg worked himself into a passion about the alleged intention of the Labour Party to "go outside the documents which they put before the electorate and effect radical changes in the Constitution without consulting the electorate."

The Labour Party's only mandate from the country, he insisted, was for passing measures, "which they have quite properly put before the electorate, through the ordinary constitutional channels. If they find that these do not work, then they must look for a new mandate to entitle them to alter the Constitution."

The short answer to this diatribe is that the document on which the Select Committee are working was one framed by a Committee of the late Coalition Government in which all parties were represented, and that what is at issue is not a radical change in the Constitution but the streamlining and speeding-up of the procedure of the House, so as to make it possible to carry out the measures for which the Labour Party has received a mandate.

But lest any more be heard of Mr. Hogg's argument, it is as well to kill it here and now:

"The Blackpool Conference of the Labour Party this year reaffirmed the policy laid down at the Hastings Conference of 1933," said the *Sunday Times* of August 26th. "This policy provides for reform of Standing Orders so that a much larger volume of legislation can be passed in a Parliamentary session. It proposes further that, subject to suitable safeguards, wider use should be made of delegated legislation, and that Parliament should broadly confine itself to two functions:

"(1) It should debate and decide the principles and general structure of legislation.

"(2) It should examine and approve Orders and Regulations by which Departments of State give effect to legislation.

"This, it may be assumed, is the intention of the Government."

I asked Mr. Morrison at Blackpool whether in explaining the reference in our election pamphlet, *Let Us Face The Future*, to dealing with any sabotage from the House of Lords, we Labour candidates were entitled to state that the Party's Report on Parliamentary Problems and Procedure, adopted at Southport in 1934, still held good. Mr. Morrison said that broadly speaking, this was the case.

At its Hastings Conference in 1933 the Party adopted a preliminary report on the same subject. But its considered and final policy entitled "Parliamentary Problems and Procedure" was adopted the following year at Southport. It is this report by which the Party declared itself officially bound at Blackpool, on the eve of the election campaign.

The short statement in our election pamphlet about the House of Lords, it was laid down by Mr. Morrison at Blackpool, was to be regarded as a reference to this policy.

I do not know what other candidates did about it, but I included the following passage in my election address at Gateshead:

"*Labour will make Democracy Work.*

"We know how to make democracy work. Labour is the only Party with a well-thought-out policy for reforming the procedure of the House of Commons so that Parliament may mount guard even more vigilantly over our liberties and make laws more efficiently, and the Government have power to deal with any attempt, by economic or financial sabotage, or through the House of Lords, to thwart the will of the people."

During the campaign I explained repeatedly in considerable detail just what was Labour's policy on the reform of Parliament and why we were demanding a mandate to apply that policy, as the only way to make the Parliamentary machine work efficiently enough to carry out the programme for which we were asking popular approval. On each occasion I quoted from and expounded the main proposals of Labour's 1934 Report, and stressed that that was still our policy to-day.

House of Commons. K. ZILLIACUS, M.P.

LABOUR POLICY

SIR,—I would admit that the present cautious attitude of the Government is the best from its own point of view. It indicates that Mr. Herbert Morrison, who has the Parliamentary responsibility and who has stated publicly that he would have as much Socialism as he could get away with, clearly realises that enactments put through the House are as much under public scrutiny as they are under Parliamentary. If the Labour Government in its reforming zeal were to follow the example of the original Moscow Soviet and pass legislation which promulgated a theoretical conception, rather than enact a practical programme, then *our public opinion*, which is quite volatile and not lacking in shrewdness, would recognise its real value and the demise of the Government would to that extent be expedited.

What Mr. Woodrow Wyatt suggests is that government should be motivated by socialist emotion, conforming to purest ideals. He is hurt, like the callow youth who discovers that woman can be a mixture of reality and inconstancy, and he complains that his beloved "own government" does not throw rashly to the winds all the advantages of its inheritance and does not fly with his fellow-socialists at least to an intermediate position on the road to paradise. He regrets that the practical advantages of the Ministry of Works as a building organisation are preferred, in these days of labour and material scarcity, to an "overall Ministry of Health" with full powers, but without the means to effect them. He is mistaken to his bones if he thinks that the country would prefer "drastic measures" after six years of them.

In the field of foreign affairs both he and Mr. Stephen Swingler require a Socialist policy, but are careful not to define it. Can either enlighten a citizen, albeit a Tory? Are we to intervene in Spain and on the same principle retire from Greece? Must we recognise Herr Renner and the governments of Rumania, Bulgaria and Hungary because they are considered to be Socialist-sponsored? What of the European folk, friend and enemy, are they to be left to the winter and some licentious soldiery?

I am, perhaps, expecting too much not only that you should publish this letter but that those to whom it is directed will reply fairly and squarely. As a self-educated working citizen, of the millions who would have to suffer for failure, I say to Messrs. Wyatt and Swingler, "Come down to possibilities."

London University Conservative Association. JOHN EPELBAUM, *Hon. Secretary.*

PLANNING AND RED TAPE

SIR,—Mr. Ian Mikardo makes out a good case demonstrating that real State control will mean less red tape than is necessary under a system of State self-protection. He does not, however, dispose of the very real danger of bureaucracy which is liable to arise in any large centralised organisation, public or private, in human relationships. The sense of impersonal heartlessness, real or imagined, in worker and consumer can only be removed by deliberate creations such as staff policy committees or public relations officers. One writer, commenting on the E.M.S., said that it did not matter if the patient died so long as his death was recorded on the correct form.

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DENT

Some of us who have had experience of being cogs in a large municipal authority know the potential danger of this attitude arising. Yet we believe in a planned economy provided deliberate efforts are made to maintain individual freedom and resourcefulness, and we do not consider that ignoring the problem or hoping for the best will be the wisest policy.

8, Hallett Road, Havant. A. S. HUTCHINGS

HUNGARY

SIR,—In connection with your leader on "Balkan [and Hungarian] Realities," I would like to point out the following:

(1) Hungary is wrongly considered an overwhelmingly agricultural country by most observers. Only slightly more than half of her population lives on agriculture; little more than one-third of her national income comes from agriculture; her industry is very important.

(2) Social-Democracy has played a decisive part in shaping progressive public opinion; its Party, Trade Unions, co-operatives and cultural associations were, during the Horthy regime, the main rallying points and "covering organisations," not only of the industrial workers and miners but also of the office clerks, the Left Liberal and Left Catholic intellectuals, the few peasants who succeeded in breaking through the existing reactionary regulations, and the outlawed Communists.

(3) In present-day Hungary, co-operation between Social-Democrats and Communists is comparatively smooth and absolutely sincere. For this, equal credit is due to the common sense and loyalty of the Communist leader, Matyas Rakosi, and the revolutionary drive of the present leader of the Social-Democrats, Arpad Szakasets. This was facilitated by a shifting of influence from the old to the young teams within the Social-Democratic Party, but it would be a mistake to think that there was anything like a conflict between "Western" and "Eastern" schools of thought. The former leaders still fulfil important tasks in social insurance, trade unionism and so on, and co-operate loyally; while the new teams show no less attachment to, *e.g.*, British Labour than was done ever before. Some of the old leaders, Miss Kéthly, for instance, have only gained in prestige and influence.

PAUL IGNOTUS.

625, Chelsea Cloisters, S.W.3.

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HUNGARIANS AND SLOVAKIA

SIR,—In your article of September 8th on Hungary and her neighbours you say that "since the Potsdam agreement the expulsion of Hungarians from Slovakia appears to have been suspended." Unfortunately this is not borne out by the facts, as shown by the following statement issued by the Provisional National Government of Hungary on August 26th, 1945, concerning the mass expulsion of Hungarians from Slovakia:

"The Hungarian Foreign Office regrets to state the fact that the mass expulsion of Hungarians living in homogeneous settlements beyond the Trianon frontiers, which has started with the reconstruction of the authority of the Czechoslovak Government, still continues, although the Potsdam conference expressed the desire even in respect of the Germans that their expulsion should be suspended until further decisions. This desire must be all the more valid in respect of Hungarians in Slovakia as the Potsdam decisions do not even mention the resettlement of Hungarians, therefore it is evident that the Allies do not apply the same principle to Hungarians of Slovakia as to the Germans. True, the Hungarian Government has no cognisance of a (Czechoslovak) Government decree which would order the expulsion of Hungarians from Slovakia. Many reports and also proofs have been received, however, that local authorities —without any reference to the source or constitutional ground—are ordering the immediate ejection of Hungarians from Slovakia. The drafting of such announcements is not only misleading but they are worded deliberately in order to make Hungarians believe that there exists a (Czechoslovak) Government decree compelling Hungarians to leave Slovakia at once, leaving behind all their property with the exception of a parcel varying between 5 and 50 kilograms. These announcements refer to the Potsdam decisions; thus they try to substantiate their measures with an international authority. . . ."

28b, Albemarle Street, London, W.1. ANDREW REVAI

SERVICE EDUCATION

SIR,—So much publicity seems recently to have been given to the Army Education Scheme that I think the experiences of one who has seen its operation in a fairly typical overseas unit may be of some interest to your readers.

The Army authorities have left the actual organising of the scheme entirely in the hands of local unit officers, who, in most cases, are totally unsuited to and lacking in experience of such work. The instructors themselves are drawn from all ranks, and as well as often being quite uninterested in teaching usually have no academic qualifications of any kind. One individual of my personal acquaintance found one morning that he had been "posted" to instruct in economics without even having first been asked whether he possessed any specialised knowledge of the subject!

A particularly disquieting feature of the scheme is the provision of individual "card indexes" on which are entered "instructor's remarks." Need I draw attention to the possible effects of these on a man's post-war career should a potential employer attach weight, as he well might, to such damning phrases as "lacks concentration" and "inattentive," lightheartedly scrawled by completely irresponsible and unqualified "teachers"? Teaching is a serious business, and one should not apply to it methods which may have proved adequate enough for the running of informal A.B.C.A. discussion groups.

I may add that in my own unit men working a fifty-six hour week, including alternately two and three thirteen-hour night shifts, are compelled to attend classes in their off-duty time. It is hardly surprising that enthusiasm for learning is not very prevalent.

In conclusion I would suggest that the Army Education Corps set up "area" schools, to take the place of the present unit organisations, and, furthermore, that men possessing degrees and teaching experience be withdrawn from formations in the theatre and used in a central pool of teachers, if necessary transferring them to the A.E.C. I believe American Army education is, in fact, run on such lines, men within six months of release being sent "into residence" at Army "Universities" to pursue their studies in an atmosphere as far removed as possible from that of military life. Why cannot we follow this excellent example?

Royal Signals, Italy. J. H. EDEN

ENEMY ALIENS

SIR,—In your paragraph dealing with that subject you state that the automatic grant of naturalisation as afforded to aliens serving in the U.S. Forces is a policy unlikely to be adopted by this country. There is, however, an A.C.I. which does grant automatic naturalisation to French citizens serving with the British Forces. This A.C.I. was issued at a time when France had a Government which was definitely opposed to our cause. Why could not that generosity be extended to the few thousand "enemy aliens" who have served during the war years in nearly every branch of the Forces?

G. P. CLARE

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

A LAND "where the first shall be last and the last shall be first," where, as the charlady's epitaph put it, "there shall be no more washing-up dishes," where all God's chillun got shoes and walk all over God's heaven" . . . but what if heaven beyond the skies is a myth? Man still has an earthly paradise; in the past a Garden of Eden or a State of Nature; in the future a Millennium or world of universal brotherhood. Only 150 years have passed since Wordsworth found it bliss to be alive in France, where Liberty, Equality and Fraternity were established and the Goddess of Reason was enthroned. In our day, as Arthur Koestler puts it in *The Yogi and the Commissar*, "Russia became the Kingdom of Heaven for those who most keenly felt that Paradise was lost." Just as the fall of the Bastille seemed to bring at a stroke that all that the oppressed desired and the wise advocated had been realised, so in our generation many welcomed the Soviet Revolution as the fire that would consume evil and leave mankind purified to write history anew.

> And what a fire! The People had seized the power and had maintained itself in power on one-sixth of the earth. Private ownership, the profit motive, sexual taboos, social conventions were abolished practically in one stroke. There were no more rich and poor, masters and servants, officers and men. The husband had no longer authority over his wife, the parent over his child, the teacher over his pupil. The history of *Homo sapiens* seemed to start from scratch. There was a thunder behind the words of those unheard-of decrees like the voice from Sinai which gave the Ten Commandments. Those who listened felt as if some rigid crust inside them, the parched crust of scepticism, frustration, resigned common sense had suddenly burst open; they felt an emotional surge of which they had not thought themselves capable. Something had been released in them, something so deeply repressed that they were unaware of its existence; a hope so deeply buried that they had forgotten it. The Left had talked of the coming revolution for years, for decades, for more than a century; but when it came they were as stunned by the event as a country parson who, after delivering his weekly sermon before an empty church, learns from his curate that the Kingdom of Heaven has been announced on the wireless.

So Koestler describes the vision he had as a Communist. The more fervent the faith, the greater the disillusion; the more searing the contempt for those who do not repent their error. But since all the Left have in some degree bet their spiritual money on the Soviet Revolution, we are all the poorer for the discovery that Russia to-day plays the game of power-politics ruthlessly and with no very apparent idealistic purpose. Radicals felt just the same when the first Consul turned into the Emperor of France.

It is partly because Koestler is himself in profound inner conflict that he so deeply disturbs the faith of the Left. Incidentally he delights the cynics and the reactionaries. In many ways Koestler reminds me of Jean-Jacques Rousseau—a Rousseau who lived through the Revolution. The Encyclopædists were a group of powerful intellectuals (Koestler rightly accepts the definition of "intellectuals" as "independent thinkers") who saw the necessity of sweeping away a decadent feudalism, a superstitious Church and an arbitrary despotism. Rousseau quarrelled with these *philosophes*, because he felt far more than he thought. Many of the *philosophes* had been in gaol for their ideas and had been rewarded by the respect of their friends and by the assurance that their ideas were gaining ground. But Rousseau had known what it was to wander, an outcast; to do mean things for bread, to be conscious of sin and repentance, to be afraid, to descend into the hell of self-pity and self-abasement, and to lose himself in incommunicable emotions; to imagine a world in which men like Rousseau would be happy and men like Rousseau rule the world. He could not be content with Reason, and his books are passionate protests against its compromises and its politics. He became the prophet of democracy in a mystic form, which inspired revolutionaries, but which, within a generation, put weapons into the hands of the Right and fed the very currents of reaction against which he fought. Similarly, Arthur Koestler's experiences had made it singularly difficult for him to live at peace with the Intellectuals, whom he admires and regards as the pioneers of social progress. Like Rousseau, he clasps their hands in brotherly love one minute, spits at them the next; is plunged into masochistic grief afterwards. Finally, in a turmoil of emotion, he buries himself in the country to produce another book in which he can forget the complexities of personal relations and resolve the conflict of his ideas. What it cost him to discard his Commission and his faith in the Russian Revolution was known from his best book, *Darkness at Noon*. It was written in German and translated, and perhaps partly for that reason it was more profound and better written than his later works. The conflict between the desire for external achievement and the internal need of moral integrity was not more forcibly expressed by Dostoievsky. In Franco Spain, Koestler waited execution in solitary confinement, and his *Testament of Death* ranks high in the rich literature of prison life. In France, at the beginning of the war against Fascism, he was thrown into a concentration camp with other anti-Fascists. In *Scum of the Earth* he tells that bitter story, which was crowned by six weeks' arbitrary imprisonment when he at last arrived in Britain. The long agony of the Jewish race has added a further bitterness to his soul. No one has written better of torture and the agonies of lonely heroism.

This is not the experience from which a balanced picture is likely to come. But creative vigour is here and those who have suffered much at the hands of authority and more from their own internal conflicts, can write, if they remain articulate, with more disturbing effect than survivors of less poignant experience.

In *The Yogi and the Commissar*, Koestler is much less than just. He cannot refrain in passing from working off grudges against his friends. He is not always accurate. (In the chapter entitled *French Flu*, for instance, he repeats damaging statements about Vercors which since the liberation of France have proved erroneous.) He also assumes, with no justification whatever, that all those who have ever been on the same side of the battle as himself must have shared his own delusions and must now be dismissed if they do not fully share his present views. He is, of course, quite right that all of us, Right and Left, have had our delusions. Men live by many things. The Pacifists tried to find a political justification for their personal religion by hoping that Hitler would be tamed by kindness or that England could remain a neutral island if Europe were at war. The main delusion of the Right was that Britain, by remaining her self-confident self, could maintain a world position, the partner of Fascist States, and avoid the world change towards Socialism by gentlemanly conduct and financing intrigues and campaigns against Bolshevism. The Left was certainly deeply affected by the Soviet Revolution, and suffered from a variety of delusions. Koestler rightly gibes at the antics of those who try to explain away every change in Soviet doctrine and Soviet policy. He is, incidentally, much less than fair to this journal, which from the time of the Moscow purges in 1937, the German treaty of 1939, the Finnish war and on many more recent occasions, has expressed its uninhibited criticism of Soviet policy. But to show that Koestler is not just to his friends, chastises them for his own errors and makes mistakes of fact in his indictment of the Soviet Union, does not dispose of his thesis. Subjective analysis may help us to understand a writer: but his case must be examined on its merits.

Koestler's indictment of the Soviet Union amounts to this: It is a country in which there is no Liberty, economic or political; in which Equality has been abolished in favour of dictatorship of the bureaucracy, which has turned into a privileged class with its "proletarian millionaires"; in which there is no longer any Fraternity with Socialists outside its frontiers. If there is Fraternity within Russia, Koestler knows nothing of it, and most of us, it must be admitted, know very little. All the ideals of the Revolution have been betrayed, and Russia is now merely a "state capitalist, totalitarian autocracy." Further, the Left must throw off the delusion that Russia's development is to be explained by the zig-zagging necessary to achieve Socialism. The ship has tacked so much that it now sails in the opposite direction.

It is alleged that there are serious errors of fact in Koestler's indictment, and it would be surprising, in view of the difficulty of knowing about Russia and the emotions aroused by the controversy, if it were not so. But if my own view of the U.S.S.R. differs from his, it is not because I think (as I do) that his picture is prejudiced or one-sided, but because never having been a Communist, and having, I think, a more real historical perspective than Koestler, I do not find it surprising that Liberty, Equality and Fraternity have not been realised in Russia. I have long judged Stalin's achievement by quite different standards. In comparing Nazi Germany with Soviet Russia, Koestler has forgotten, strangely enough, that while Hitler put the clock back in a highly educated and advanced country which was moving towards democratic socialism, the Soviet Union's failure is to put the clock forward to the hour which Koestler wanted. From this, it seems to me, follow a number of his present delusions. In tracing retrograde movements in Russia—I do not question that they are retrograde—he does not even remark on the influence of external danger which perverted Soviet economy, consolidated the police state which the Communists inherited from Tsarism, and revived Russia's nationalist tradition. Koestler says nothing about the invasion of the Soviet Union after the last war, about the *cordon sanitaire* against Russia to which Stalin has retorted by creating a *cordon sanitaire* against the West; nothing about the intrigues and hostility which have intensified the profound suspicion which has always been a Russian characteristic. I recall the emotion with which a Westernised Soviet official described how Soviet plans for developing a rich and backward part of Asia had had to be scrapped in favour of armament building because of the threat of invasion. Historians may decide that Stalin's great achievement was to accomplish the economically impossible in industrialising and developing a vast country, strong enough to defend itself against its enemies without becoming dependent on foreign capital. I once dared to write in this journal that I judged Stalin rather as an historian would judge Henry VIII. We recall that Henry cut off the heads of his wives and drove monks and nuns into the snow. But these things are fitted into the perspective of his services in uniting England and strengthening the progressive middle class, which was able to win political freedom when the Tudors had dispossessed the ecclesiastical and baronial rulers. I think Koestler wrong in thinking that nothing is left from the Revolution. I see principally two things. First, the public ownership and planning of the resources of the community, and secondly the moral conception that it is wrong to live on the labour of others—a principle which, I gather, is deeply and generally held in Russia, even if, like other principles, it is not universally practised.

I believe that these are living ideas which will spread. Ever since I was old enough to think at all, it has seemed clear to me that our society would die of war, social conflict and poverty—unless we made two difficult adjustments. There is no good solution for the problem of national hatreds except through federation. The only alternative, if we cannot be rational enough for federation, is that some great Power would temporarily conquer the world. But a world empire could only be achieved by events that

laid the world in ruins, and it would itself dissolve again into chaos. The other change is the moral ideal of a co-operative Commonwealth organised for the welfare of the people who live in it. Both these ideas still survive in the Soviet Union. When the dust has cleared away we shall see that this is true, just as the historian to-day looks back on the confusion and violence of the epoch of the French Revolution, and then notices that what it achieved was not what the revolutionists asked for, but what Intellectuals before the Revolution saw had to be carried out if Europe was to live. The peasants had the land and the basis for political democracy had been created. I suspect that historical judgment on the Russian Revolution will be similar.

On another very vital point I am perfectly in agreement with Koestler. He rightly says that Marxists have erroneously believed that the moral and cultural ideals of socialism would necessarily be added as a superstructure to its economic foundation. This is indeed a fundamental mistake. Marx was surprisingly right in his analysis of the class war, and the contradictions of capitalism. They were seen in their perfection in pre-Hitler Germany. Yet the result was not Communism, but Fascism: it was an error to think that when capitalism collapsed the "proletariat" would create a democratic Socialist community.

Because Germany could not remain in chaos, the change from capitalism to a planned economy was inevitable. To-day the same may be said of the world as a whole. The change to a planned economy and world unity is the only alternative to the dissolution of human society. But it depends on individuals whether the values of civilisation survive into the technically adjusted society. It is possible to have a Socialist society that is not good. All we know is that without Socialism, national and class war will make civilised life impossible. Koestler denounces what he calls "the Commissar ethic" that the end justifies the means, and he adds that the Yogi ethic of personal withdrawal is equally fatal. It is only, he says, the combination of Saint and Revolutionary who can save us from destruction. In political terms this means that Socialism must be achieved by men who care about means as well as ends, because Socialism is the prerequisite of a good life, not its sufficient cause. External change can create the soil in which goodness and happiness can grow; whether they flower depends on individual men and women.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

A STUDY OF VIRGINIA WOOLF

Virginia Woolf. By DAVID DAICHES. *P. L. Editions. Poetry.* 7s. 6d.

A young coal miner who could remember Virginia Woolf's conversation was recently surprised by a W. E. A. lecturer stressing the political character of her work as a suffragist and champion of women's rights. It was to him a totally new angle of approach and he realised the difficulty of forming a balanced judgment that will approximate to that which will come so easily when time has washed away the things which it will wash away and left the others in high relief. Such a balanced judgment is just what Mr. Daiches appears to have achieved.

It always gives a strange feeling to read a book about someone one has known: at one moment one believes one knows more, as of course one does, at the next instant one realises one knows less than one is being told. There is the certainty that one missed some of the most important things in the living person, and the rather crazy doubt whether one's memory is of really quite the same person who is being discussed. Reading Mr. Daiches' book seems like meeting the verdict of posterity; it might have been written a century and not four years after her death, and the impression is all the greater because some details, that any contemporary might get right, are ignored, whereas the general perspective which the contemporary is almost bound to get wrong, appears to be right.

First I should like to say that I think this is a better and more interesting book than one of her contemporaries, or her own circle would have written, and then, I would like to put down some of the things which I think Mr. Daiches has not realised, but which were well known to her friends.

For example, after quoting a passage from the sketch *A Society published in Monday or Tuesday*, which begins: "Never have I laughed so much as I did when Rose read her notes upon Honour and described how she had dressed herself as an Aethiopian Prince and gone aboard one of His Majesty's ships," Mr. Daiches comments: "A slight touch of buffoonery prevents this sketch from being merely a parable." Had he read her brother's short account, *The Dreadnought Hoax* (Hogarth Press), he would have known that Virginia Woolf had dressed herself as an Aethiopian Prince, that she was Rose and that the buffoonery was pure realism. She is describing what often follows when conventions are outraged by people with a childlike sense of humour.

Mr. Daiches traces the development of Virginia Woolf's method of approach to her subject, and adopts the explanation which she gave herself of the rejection of a view of reality bounded by "Smith who was well known in political, temperance and church circles, did much for the poor of Liverpool and died last Wednesday of pneumonia while on a visit to his son at Muswell Hill," in favour of an "interpretative atmosphere." But how far was this a rationalisation which Virginia Woolf invented to explain her instinctive need to be free to express herself in her own way and to skip the things which she found a bore?

Mr. Daiches stresses the influence of Proust upon Virginia Woolf, without apparently realising that all her work was "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu" and that all her best work was inspired by the memory of people she had known. It was not reading Proust's work which led her to make so much of her writing an evocation of her own family. Both her first novels dealt with her own circle and though *Du Coté de Chez Swann* preceded the publication of *A Voyage Out* by a couple of years, Mr. Daiches tells us that she read Proust in 1922. Moreover, I think the publication of *A Voyage Out* was somewhat delayed by the outbreak of the last war.

It is interesting to find that Mr. Daiches picks out as Virginia Woolf's most successful novels, the ones which deal in one way or another with the people who surrounded her when she was a girl. *A Voyage Out* places the familiar figures in an outlandish setting, *Night and Day* is a more generalised picture of figures from the same society. *Jacob's Room* is another composition with familiar models; *To the Lighthouse* is a real "Recherche du Temps Perdu," with her father again the foreground and his rebellious children sitting in judgment upon him; *The Years* succeeds, where *Mrs. Dalloway*, I think, fails, because the characters are all of them those among whom she had grown up whereas, in *Mrs. Dalloway*, they are mixed. Mr. Daiches has not realised this preoccupation with the people she knew as a girl, for in reference to her life of Roger Fry, he says: "She did better in writing about characters she had never known, except through her imagination"—the exact opposite of the truth.

I think the reason for her greater success with familiar figures (which Mr. Daiches recognises though he is not aware they were familiar) is

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that an artist can afford to fly off his subject, abandoning the humdrum methods of realism, only if he understands it, through and through, as part of himself. Lacking such an understanding he will do better to stick to a painstaking description of Smith of Liverpool. I think this generalisation may be particularly true of women, who though they may be as great artists as men, seem to be more dependent on the use of the model in their work. Virginia Woolf had this deep understanding of her own family. When she went outside and tried to write with the same technique about the characters she built up in imagination around Mr. E. M. Forster's pageant at Abinger in *Between Two Acts*, she was superficial.

Mr. Daiches says:

> There can be no doubt that the fluidity of Joyce's prose, his avoidance of conventional transitions in his attempt to capture "the stream of consciousness" of his characters, had a permanent effect upon Virginia Woolf's style: indeed, some of the experiments in *Monday or Tuesday* were almost certainly suggested by her reading of *Ulysses*.

I wonder. Many of these sketches were written before she had read any of *Ulysses*, and I should not care to try to pick out those which were written after she had read the first instalment of *Ulysses* in *The Little Review*.

If one is to find influences, I would put that of Henry James as greater than that of Joyce or Proust. Mr. Daiches does not refer to Henry James's influence, though he has almost unconsciously recognised it since he compares the passage at the beginning of *The Years* with one from *The Lesson of the Master* to the disadvantage of the latter.

I think Virginia Woolf's strong feeling about the position of women which finds expression in *A Room of One's Own* and *Three Guineas* is also due to the lasting effect of impressions formed when she was a girl. She grew up during the agitation for women's suffrage and no doubt had to sit silently in judgment upon a lot of male and female prejudice and nonsense. So she accepted the suffragist ideology and wrote it down in after years without re-examination. *Three Guineas* contains things which would appear to have been written in 1912, instead of in 1938.

Some of Mr. Daiches's remarks puzzle me. "The English novel in the eighteenth and nineteenth century was essentially a public instrument: antithetical to lyric poetry." In what way was *Wuthering Heights* more concerned with public values than the lyric poetry of Shelley, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Swinburne?

But I agree with most of his judgments about Virginia Woolf's work.

DAVID GARNETT

THE NATIONAL TRUST

The National Trust. By various Authors. *Batsford.* 12s. 6d.

This volume commemorates the Jubilee of the National Trust founded by Octavia Hill, Canon Rawnsley and Sir Robert Hunter in 1895 to acquire and preserve places of historic interest and natural beauty. Its first property, Dinas Olev above Barmouth, with its wide views over Cardigan Bay, was acquired in the year of foundation; it now owns some 100,000 acres and protects by restrictive covenants* another 40,000.

In his admirable introduction, G. M. Trevelyan, Chairman of the Estates Committee of the Trust, emphasises the variety of the methods, which include gifts, bequests, purchase, financed either by a single benefactor or by public subscription, through which properties come to the Trust. Unendowed by the State, the Trust has no reserve funds of its own, so that except when a property possesses intrinsic value, letting value or gate money value raised from the visiting public (as, for example, at Housesteads, its fort on the Roman Wall), it must decline the gift of any property which is not self-supporting or accompanied by an endowment for its maintenance.

The variety of the Trust's properties is indicated by a reference to the articles which make up the book: Country and Coast, by Harry Batsford; Ancient Sites, by Grahame Clark; Mediæval Buildings, by John Harvey; The Manor House and the Country House, by George Lees-Milne; Country Buildings and Town Buildings, by Basil Oliver and John Summerson; Historic Shrines, by John Russell; and Nature Reserves, by Sir William Beach Thomas. G. M. Young writes on the Trust's Manors, James Lees-Milne on its Country Houses. Ivor Brown contributes a spirited essay on National Parks, and an Appendix on the actual working of the Trust is added by D. M. Matheson, the secretary. The volume is embellished by over a hundred photographs of Trust properties and rounded off by an elaborate index in which all Trust properties are indicated in heavy type.

There can, I think, be nothing but praise for the work which the Trust does or for the way in which it does it. Praise is more particularly due on two heads: first, the determination to preserve a piece of property as a going concern. It is one of the many charges to be made against this generation that, having inherited places of beauty, it turns them into mummified beauty spots complete with preserved rustics, "olde" tea shops and picture-postcards. This is to defeat the purpose of preservation. "I have no great love for potted landscapes," writes G. M. Young, "and I shall join no Society for Putting England Under a Glass Case." On the whole the Trust has successfully resisted this temptation. As Dr. Trevelyan tells us, the object of the Trust "is that natural beauty should remain 'natural,' and that agriculture should continue to flourish as agriculture." In the second place, one is struck by the Trust's elasticity of administration. The temptation to over-centralisation and uniformity is obvious. It is overcome by a variety of expedients, ranging from the establishment of voluntary local management committees to the appointment of Regional Agents, whole-time servants of the Trust, assisted by voluntary committees. The method of management varies with the nature of the property. Consider, for example, the case of the large country houses which the Trust has only recently taken under its wing. Of the seventeen owned by the Trust Mr. Lees-Milne tells us that "nine are still inhabited, at least partially, by the families of their donors; one is let to a private tenant in the usual way, four are now purely show places, one is let to an institution, whereas the future use of the remaining two is, as yet, uncertain. All are to be open to the public at stated times." As for the historic shrines, they range from Carlyle's house in Cheyne Row and Constable's house, Willy Lott's Cottage at Flatford Mill, to Ayot St. Lawrence, the only Trust shrine which is at once historic and contemporary.

Or consider again a new experiment described by Sir William Beach Thomas in connection with the Trust's protection of nature reserves. During the war the Council for the Preservation of Field Studies was founded for the intensive study of the natural life of specific areas. Centres are wanted where the student of natural history can live cheaply and receive advice and help in the

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pursuit of his study. The Trust was approached and an arrangement has been made whereby the Council will lease Trust properties for this purpose.

These are only a few examples of the variety of the Trust's work and the elasticity of its management.

Why is the work necessary? Of the great number of reasons I select five. First, there is growth of population. Throughout most of their history England and Wales have had a population varying from five to eight million persons. At the end of the eighteenth century it rose to 8½; by 1900 it had jumped to 32½; to-day it is 42. Up to very recently we contrived to remain unaware of the implications of maintaining a population of 42 million in a country designed comfortably to accommodate some seven or eight, by resorting to the simple expedient of penning them into towns from which we gave them no opportunity of escaping except during the five annual Bank Holidays and an occasional week-end and no means and resources of escape, even if they had had the opportunity. As Ivor Brown says, "The British poor were not expected, at least in Dickens's time, to take holidays. They were of the town and could stay there. They might, perhaps, take the steamer to Margate or walk as far as the local gin palace." Presently, however—and here we come to the second reason—there occurred the revolution in transport, producing the electric train, the motor bus and the cheap car. One man could now live away from his work and travel up and down every day; another could leave the town at week-ends and explore the country. We are only on the threshold of these migrations. In the near future we are bidden to expect two weeks' paid holiday a year and a poor man's car selling at £100 to enable him to make use of them. The results are well known, estates broken up, a red rash breaking out on the green face of the land, roads which are maelstroms of traffic, cars on the Downs, hikers in the farmers' fields and southern England become a single suburb sprawling from Watford to the coast—in a word, all the disadvantages accruing from a population grown four times too large for its suit of geographical cloth. Hence the need for the Trust to step in and, as Ivor Brown puts it, "to keep despoilers out and to let enjoyers in."

Thirdly, there is the regrettable fact that our age has an infallible anti-Midas touch; beauty in particular shrivels at its approach. Almost every invention of the last hundred years—railways, tractors, pylons, bulldozers, concrete posts, fences, pink slate roofs, overhead cables, hydro-electric development, exposed pipe-lines, reservoirs, garages, soft wood trees, macadamised roads, garages, pumps—indeed everything to do with cars—iron bridges, Nissen huts, power stations, cooling towers, aerodromes, prefabricated houses, advertising hoardings, enamelled plates, caravans, shacks—all are inimical to beauty. Therefore, if beauty is not protected, it will perish. Fourthly, there are the manners of the people. You cannot bring up a population among squalid sights and sounds and expect it to come easily and naturally to terms with nature. It was, given the circumstances, inevitable that when democracy paid its first call upon the country, it should leave its visiting card in the shape of litter. Fifthly, the class which has hitherto protected beauty—the land-owning class—is impoverished and cannot long survive. We have been sufficiently Socialist to destroy the natural protectors of natural beauty, but not sufficiently Socialist to make alternative provision for its protection by the community.

This brings us to the heart of the matter. After fifty years the Trust owns about one-third of 1 per cent. of the total land area of England and Wales. What it preserves and protects is only a tiny fraction of what should be preserved and protected, nor can its duties be adequately discharged in the future by voluntary effort. The Trust, in fact, should be merged in a Ministry of Amenities or in a special Amenity Department of the Ministry of Town and Country Planning. And if it be asked "Why bother?" I do not know that a better answer can be given than Dr. Trevelyan's, "Unless he [man] now will be at pains to make rules for the preservation of natural beauty, unless he consciously protects it at the partial expense of some of his other greedy activities, he will cut off his own spiritual supplies and leave his descendants a helpless prey for ever to the base materialism of mean and vulgar sights"—in which event the life of twentieth century social man will be nice, safe, "termitish" and long.

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Goon in the Block. By ERIC WILLIAMS. *Cape.* 8s. 6d.

Valley of the Sky. By HOBERT DOUGLAS SKIDMORE. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.

The critic of contemporary fiction, who has by now grown used to keeping a stiff upper lip about war-novels and fragments of autobiography from the Services, is likely to have his defences broken down suddenly and completely by any novel dealing with the Eternal Verities. Mr. Michael McLaverty's new novel, *In This Thy Day*, deals with hardship, poverty, ambition, vanity and self-righteousness; even if there were no love-story to accompany them, these things would by now seem an enchantment to the critic. The background is the hard life of a poor, small parish on the coast of County Down; it could not, now, seem more voluptuously escapist, if it were the landscape of *The Blue Lagoon*. This book particularly is an exquisite reward for the vigils of past months. It is the story of a village Romeo and Juliet; there are Montagues and Capulets, even a Friar Lawrence. It is about two young lovers whose happiness is broken—whether permanently or not, we are left to guess—by the persistent disapproval of the man's mother. It is a book written not from the impulse to record a set of facts, but from the necessity of uncovering a truth. It is a truth uncovered often enough before; but it is even now more refreshing than the newly learned oddity of information. The sharpest interest of the book lies in the opposition of Father Toner, the priest, and Mrs. Mason, the hero's mother: his effort is to induce charity, hers to discover a false defence for a hard-hearted wish. The irony of the final resolution, Mrs. Mason's access of charity at a moment when it is too late, the ambiguity of the ending, and the sad implications of the final pages, are beautifully done. Mr. McLaverty has written an almost wholly satisfying story; some of his craftsmanship is quite remarkable: his restraint, his sureness about the points where characters are to be introduced and reintroduced. One's only regret is his fondness for odd, presumably dialect, verbs which leave occasional gaps in one's visual impressions of the scene.

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the genteel commercial novel, solemnly and automatically written, a book for the already stultified, and calculated to keep them so; I have read no novels like it since the days, longer ago than I can comfortably remember, when it was fashionable to write them: but even to-day I found myself able to guess every incident, except one, forty or fifty pages before it happened. It is a longish family saga about the three different lives of a farmer, and is mainly set in a hypothetical but typical English countryside. ("The village girls age quickly in Mershire.") It is not remarkable for its invention, and Mr. Bullett has felt the necessity to liven it up at intervals by carefully described deaths or lingering illnesses. It starts late in Victorian days and moves on till 1920; and Mr. Bullett has his readers very well taped, knowing just how much of the last war they will willingly and dutifully stomach, and how they will appreciate the knowing wink he gives them in making Guy, the politician, look forward in 1920 to England's great future in a world at peace. What I do wonder at, however, is the assumption that people like not only a mass of fictional clichés, but a mass of linguistic ones as well:

> The two young men liked each other well enough. Their ways did not throw them much together, but when they did meet they were conscious of a pleasant unintimate friendliness. Guy's regard was not unmixed with envy of young Charlie's serenity of bearing, at once modest and assured; he sometimes felt a need to impress him with the larger knowledge and superior wisdom of a man of affairs; and Charlie, ingenuously ready to learn, no matter from whom, could not but think well of one who thought so well, as Guy manifestly did, of his mother.

There is one incident in the book which I failed to anticipate. Matthew, the eldest brother, carried away by his feelings into a momentary adultery with a servant girl while his wife lies ill in hospital, is later blackmailed by an itinerant loafer called Caidster. Matthew murders Caidster and disposes of the body by putting it on to a railway line, where it is further disposed of by the 4.55. A small conventional inquest is held, but nothing comes out, and Matthew is able happily to retire into yet another of the long illnesses which crowd the book's pages. It is a passage from which it is difficult to suspend a faint disbelief.

Goon in the Block and *Valley of the Sky* are documentary novels. A "goon" is a German soldier; and "goon in the block" is the cry that goes round in a prison camp when a German guard enters the building. Mr. Williams was a prisoner in Dulag-Luft, a camp for Air Force prisoners, and in two other camps; all of his information is interesting, and he can invoke in the reader many a flicker of rage at the simple, agonising nature of much that he knows about: "On the night before departure the prisoners, having packed, put all their remaining food into a terrific 'bash,' a meal representing in quantity a normal peacetime meal. When they came to eat it, they found that their stomachs had shrunk to such an extent that they had to leave half of it on their plates." Nevertheless it is a pity that the novel has been produced in so much haste; for a good deal of it is written in semi-official jargon which deadens what it describes ("They had dropped their bombs, lost height in taking evasive action, and had been severely battered before they managed to get out of the target area"); and the dialogue is written almost entirely in Air Force slang. A novelist who picks his characters from any section of society employing a dialect has, as Hardy once pointed out, to effect some compromise between this and normal speech. Mr. Williams has ignored this, and quite fortuitously his brave characters appear inarticulate and stupid. The value of the book lies in its convincing charting of a fragment of the war of which most of us are ignorant.

Valley of the Sky comes from America, and is about the crew of a Liberator bomber, nicknamed the Harpie, operating in the Pacific; it is also about *das ewige Weibliche*, the motive principle of the eternal feminine which leads the crew upwards and on. Here is the principle working in Technical Sergeant Chester Poniatowski, who is in love with the bomber itself:

> It was good to see her there, primed and ready. She wasn't sleek or quick like a fighter or pursuit. She was big and awkward on the ground, but he loved her. He liked to look at her, sensing her immense power, the tremendous force that rested inside her. He liked to go about her, touching her and taking care of her. . . . He had become a gunner only so that he could stay with his ship. Sometimes he told himself that the Harpie understood this. He hoped she did. . . .

Poor Chester is presented to us neither as a lunatic nor as the victim of a sexual perversion. The book is outrageous throughout in its gross sentimentality; here it seems to sink in morality below what one had hitherto conceived to be rock-bottom.

HENRY REED

HIS HOLINESS

The Son of Heaven. By WILLARD PRICE. *Heinemann.* 10s. 6d.

The prestige of the Emperor of Japan—as an emperor, not as an individual or a personality—is rightly regarded as the mainspring of Japanese government up to the present. The Emperor was not mentioned in the Potsdam declaration, but by the terms of surrender he became subject to the authority of the Allied Supreme Commander. In other words, it has been decided not to oust him for the time being, and that opinion has prevailed which has been associated with the name of Joseph Grew, who was for ten years U.S. Ambassador in Tokyo and later became Under-Secretary of State in Washington. The opposite view, commonly held by the ill-informed, that the Emperor and his dynasty ought to be turned out lock, stock and barrel, as the source or symbol of all evil, is here advanced by Willard Price, an experienced journalist who certainly cannot be called ill-informed. He has no difficulty in showing up both the absurd and the sinister aspects of Japanese tradition and superstition and of the pernicious system of militant nationalism which brought Japan to her present *débâcle*. This has often been done before, but not always so chattily. What has not been done is his few pages of gossip about the present Emperor: though not profound, they do something towards sketching a portrait of that apparently inoffensive man, whose chief escape from the rigid ceremoniousness of his position is the study of marine biology.

Mr. Price's view is epitomised in his statements that "it is the closely knit industrialist-militarist-emperor combination that makes Japan's wars," and that "you cannot divorce the Emperor from the militarists." He even regards the Emperor as more guilty than the militarists. Writing before the surrender, he thought it impossible that the Emperor could be subordinate to the Allied authorities in occupation. In fact, however, both the Emperor and his people are now under Allied orders.

What seems to be overlooked both by those who object to the continuance of the Imperial dynasty and those who advocate its retention is that the matter cannot really be decided by Japan's conquerors. So long as the Japanese feel that they need an Emperor, they will have one. He may be deposed, but Japanese Emperors have been deposed before: the dynasty, for all its ups

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and downs and dubious connections, is the oldest in the world, and has stood so many shocks that it might well survive its formal abolition.

The two greatest shocks which the Japanese people have sustained were, first, the discovery in the middle of the nineteenth century that they could no longer stand aloof and must compete with other Powers; and, secondly, the recent and greater shock of defeat at the hands of other Powers. After the first shock they rallied round the symbol of their national identity and self-esteem, and Emperor-worship became a pernicious cult. After this second shock it is important not only to them but to the rest of the world that they should not, like Germany after 1918, go through degradation and despair only to secrete the poison of revenge. If an attempt were now made to humiliate them by depriving them of the essential symbol of their nationhood, it is more than probable, with their strong traditions of loyalty and revenge, that they would evolve, however long it might take, in a way most dangerous to the rest of the world. But it by no means follows that, if they are allowed to maintain the dynasty, they will repeat the greatest mistake they have ever made. They are an ingenious people, and it is conceivable that they can develop a democratic, even a communistic, State with an Emperor at its head; but to anybody who knows the Japanese people it is as inconceivable that they could at present do without an Emperor as that Roman Catholics could do without a Pope.

Mr. Price's book is nicely calculated to appeal to the popular Western prejudices of the moment, and it is no doubt sincere, since he shares them; but it does not make sufficient allowance for the effect on the Japanese of the shock of defeat, or for the necessity of compromise in helping them to recover from it. The process of recovery is likely to be slow and difficult, and it cannot be helped in its beginnings by violating what the Japanese regard, however mistakenly, as sacred. If their political evolution is sound, they may eventually reach a point where they will no longer feel the need of an Emperor, but such a point is not foreseeable. WILLIAM PLOMER

Bugle Blast (Third Series). Edited by JACK AISTROP and REGINALD MOORE. *Allen and Unwin.* 6s.

This, among so many magazines and miscellanies and anthologies of contemporary writing, which are mediocre or a downright waste of paper, is good principally because the editors know what they are doing, and, without having an axe to grind, have based their selections from the work of writers in the forces on the principle that the whole is more important than the part. Writing under active service conditions is at the best of times difficult, and any sustained effort is impossible. Therefore you will get scraps and fragments, some of them better, some of them less good (though it is to the credit of the editors and their contributions that there is no really bad writing in this anthology); but none of them are as important or as complete by themselves as when they are read within their context and together with other fragments arising out of similar circumstances or dealing with different aspects of the same experience.

The contributions to this volume are kept, deliberately I should imagine, to those of a documentary nature and in conjunction they present a symposium of wartime life, of the influences forming the generation that has fought the war and will set the tone of the peace. We are shown the wheels within wheels—emotional, physical and psychological wheels—and there is an admirable sincerity about every one of the thirty odd items. The editors are to be congratulated on this series which performs a valuable service both to the writer and the reading public. One looks forward to further volumes.

Week-end Competitions

No. 817

Set by W. R.

The usual prizes are offered for the best letters applying for the post of teacher of Russian and of hockey in a girls' school. Limit 150 words, entries by October 2.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 814

Set by Sam Smiles

The Tate Gallery has reopened. Competitors are invited to write 16 lines, welcoming the pictures back to London, in the style of *Don Juan* or of W. B. Yeats.

Report by Sam Smiles

As "Don Gorgeous" pointed out in his entry, the competition was wrongly phrased: the portals of the Tate remain closed. I should have asked for a welcome to the Tate pictures that have come to the National Gallery. I have had difficulty in choosing the winners. Was I to disqualify bad spelling (few Englishmen have learnt to give Gauguin his second u), and attribution to the Tate of pictures that have never been there? I cannot feel sure that Byron was incapable of such licentious conduct. I therefore recommend two guineas for Thomas Bodkin, and a guinea each for Terence Melican, L. E. J., William Bliss and J. R. Till.

Down to the Tate at Millbank
My love and I would go,
To see what Johnny Rothenstein
Had lately put on show.
She bade me curb my angry tongue,
Lest I should raise again
The shade of that great Irishman,
The generous Hugh Lane.

Down to the Tate at Millbank
My love and I have been;
But O, the place is haunted
By the ghost of Joe Duveen.
She bade me write no word at all
With that hot pen of mine,
About the lord who built the hall
And the knight who bought the wine.

THOMAS BODKIN

If, as Plotinus supposed,
Essence of what's to us most dear
We keep, beyond each dying year,
For some the gallery was never closed.
"*Come in and see reality, reality!*"
Cried an old mad woman on the steps.

They've men in here who kept their eye
Unprejudiced and fought their course
Free from what critics sell and buy,
Nor rode, with some, on every huckster's horse.
"*Come in and see reality, reality!*"
Cried an old mad woman on the steps.

Mad if she was, she spoke aright:
The masters make the world again
For us to see; and it's their fate
To be judged madmen by the indecent sane.

TERENCE MELICAN

He paced among the hollow-ringing halls,
And found no benediction on that beat,
But listened, how the tapping of his feet
Was mocked at by the grave and empty walls;
And dreamed of how, where colour cried aloud,
A low-browed woman in imperious dress
Had flung, in one wide gesture of largesse,
The music of that crying to the crowd;
Of how, within a zebra-patterned space,
This painter laid a rosy girl to blush;
How that one held the day-spring in his brush
And met the sun, unwinking, face to face.

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Company Meeting

FURNESS, WITHY & CO.

THE fifty-fourth annual general meeting of Furness, Withy & Company, Ltd., was held on Sept. 19 in London.

Sir Ernest H. Murrant, K.C.M.G., M.B.E., who presided, said that the increase in their gross income, which amounted to £1,166,187, was due almost entirely to their activities other than direct ship-owning. The gross amount brought into the trading account showed an increase of £156,469, and taxation took an additional £120,000. The net surplus for the year was £576,777. The board recommended that a dividend of 6 per cent. per annum, less tax, be paid on the £6,000,000 Ordinary Stock.

During the war years the whole of the ships owned by the company and subsidiaries had been requisitioned by H.M. Government.

With a large fleet such as they controlled it was not surprising that their ships had been called upon for every kind of service and had participated in all the major incidents of war in which merchant ships had been required. He regretted that 51 of the ships owned by the company and its subsidiary companies had been lost. The amounts recovered from insurances would be insufficient to replace those ships at prices current to-day. They had resolved upon a policy of gradual replacement of their fleets over a period, and had already made a start.

They were entering a period which might prove to be the most difficult in the history of British shipping, but the directors believed that stockholders would expect them to act in the confident belief that British shipping in the future would have no less important a place in their national economy than it had had in the past.

The report was adopted.

But when an atom split and blew the scroll
Of Man's endeavour into vaporous shreds,
The walls leapt out in blossom, greys and reds,
And half his sorrow fell from that man's soul.
L. E. J.

The Gentle Reader will have gathered by now
That, though our Juan loved Italians well, he
Was not alone enamoured, like a high-brow,
Of Raphael, Titian, Dolci and Crivelli.
His tastes were catholic, and that is why now,
Bored with Angelico and Botticelli,
Madonnas, Saints, and similar fal-lal-ery,
We find him in our just re-oped Tate Gallery.

Where British Art of every kind displayed is,
By Landseer, Etty, Leighton and Millais,
Seeking refreshment—(just returned from Hades)—
In "Bubbles," "Wedded" and "The Stag at Bay,"
Though still preferring easy-virtued ladies,
Like Romney's Emma, to Frith's "Derby Day,"
As reminiscent of his loved Venetians,
Though warmer clothed than Venuses of Titian's.
WILLIAM BLISS

Hang out your flags—and then ring all the bells,
My worthy burgess and your loyal missus;
Though Philistines abound and Money smells,
Here's something that is worth your love and kisses:
Nocturnes and nectar, rivers, farms and fells—
If Beauty be your benison then this is
A time for capers, conkers and confetti
(No extra charge for peeping at Rossetti).

Turn from the sullen Thames and keep a tryst
With Blake and Turner, Constable and Conder
(Firms long established on your shopping-list?);
No law decrees of which you should be fonder—
Pre-Raphaelite or Post-Impressionist,
A Gauguin nude or one a trifle blonder.
(Not having mixed myself with such a low gang,
I cannot swear you'll find a *single* Gauguin.)
J. R. TILL

SPECIAL COMPETITION No. 789

Set by Raymond Mortimer

Reserved for entrants abroad. Prizes of four guineas are offered for four lines of verse about the place at home that they most look forward to seeing again.

Report by Raymond Mortimer

Elsewhere is the place we long for. And while the rest of us are hungry for the vineyards and olive-crowned promontories of Italy and Greece, for "the palms and temples of the East," our friends in the Services, exiled among their glories, are naturally still more hungry for even the dismaller parts of England. I append a selection of the best entries—how full of feeling they are! A prize of ten shillings is awarded for each.

BRIDEHEAD, SUNDAY MORNING IN SEPTEMBER

At Bridehead the Rector serves the Lord's Supper
from the Eastward position,
Standing under the Ten Commandments and the
Lord's Prayer.
Then, beneath autumn beeches, to what fragrancy of
coffee, what fruition
Of porridge and cream and eggs and cold pheasant
and nectarines, we repair.

LULWORTH, DORSET

At Lulworth Cove the Weymouth holiday steamer
debouches,
And limousine ladies and gents just glance at it all
without joy.
The tanks have smashed up Bindon, Arish Mell, and
Flowers Barrow,
But I lived here when I was a boy.
ANDREW WORDSWORTH

MON REPOS

I want to go back to Waltham Cross,
And the squawking children, bless their hearts.
My nagging wife and my bad-tempered boss—
I've had too much fun in foreign parts.
D. P. M. M.

Oxford, that lies in Arnold's moon-blanched, hay-
mown vales,
And there to drift upon slow Cherwell's ageless tide,
To take mine ease within the Randolph's cushioned
pomp,
A glass of port in hand, and learned Cheyney by
my side.
I. TAYLOR

When I mentioned "overdraft,"
The heartless fellow merely laughed.
How I long to see his bank,
Now a static water tank!
CAPT. R. J. POTTER

What I most loved I most would see again:
The tidal flow of men, the sky-signs so godlike and
silly;
The doorstep lovers waiting, the buses skating round
Piccadilly;
Flower women with umbrellas in the rain.
"PETER"

Get me to *England—Lieber Gott!*
Why did Brooke choose one special spot?
For me the folk of all his places
Have proper clothes and good white faces.
G. E. TIDBURY

I want to go to my tailor's to buy me a pork-pie hat
And a pair of shoes, a loud check suit and rainbow-like
cravat;
I want to hear my tailor politely decry my taste,
And I want to see his astonishment when he comes to
measure my waist.
"DISMAS"

One cannot pen, in verse
So terse,
Fair Hampstead Garden Suburb's
Blurb.
R. M. ANTHONY

The instruments are quiet, and from below
Comes the conductor to the clapping hands,
And there is silence . . . and with downswept bow
The overture commences at the Wells.
A. C. ROSE

In fog, brushed by wet privet, pass three lamp-posts;
Turn left, hear the particular creak of a gate;
Climb five worn steps with puddles; swing down
your kitbag.
There—yes—the green door. Now knock. Now
wait.
C. GARRETT-JONES

I will remember high Hay Bluff still lit by glowing
clouds,
A riding statue, far seen up the fading valley;
Honddu's red bank, a tiny cliff-face peering from the
woods;
And Cwm Yoy, dark, eye-cornered down its
mountain-alley.
IGNOTUS

DELHI, JUNE

At half-past three on a November day
—The platform puddled, and the sky blue-grey—
How thankfully shall I step down and see
The safe, suburban streets of Camberley!
LINDSAY ANDERSON

4 A.M. IN THE BRASSERIE, T. CT. ROAD

Prophet with a ragged beard, sipping lemonade,
Near the stifled yawning of a white-faced night-
clerk;
Restaurateurs and usherettes, as the neons fade,
Hiding from the dawning and the light chased night
dark.
JOHN W. WILLOUGHBY

Mildewed moss cementing creamy walls,
Wolds crested still by mollifying cloud,
Calm leafen lanes and pretty stumbling paths
That lead to Avening, Minchinhampton, Stroud.
C. B. J. FELTHAM

10.30 A.M. EXPRESS FROM PADDINGTON

There's Reading, Newbury, Westbury, Frome,
Then sullen Sedgemoor; look ahead!
Taunton's three towers are faintly red;
Bags off the rack; we're nearly home!
J. T. THORNE

Company Meeting

SIR ISAAC PITMAN & SONS LTD.

AN ENCOURAGING YEAR

THE forty-ninth annual general meeting of Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons Ltd. was held in London, September 14. Mr. I. T. Fitman, M.P., the chairman, reported a most satisfactory year's working. The net profit was £34,964 after provision of £60,000 for taxation. The publishing, printing and tuitional divisions of the business had all contributed satisfactorily. The two subsidiaries (Book Centre Ltd. and Simpkin Marshall, 1941, Ltd.) had yielded no profits. They were co-operative undertakings for the book trade as a whole, but their growing strength was a great satisfaction to all concerned and provided a distribution service increasingly economical both to the trade and the public.

EDUCATIONAL DEVELOPMENTS

The company was alive to the implications of new developments in the educational world and was doing its utmost to ensure that the firm retained the leading position as "purposive" publishers which it had hitherto held. They were striving to produce textbooks attuned to the spirit of the new schools that grow from the Butler Act. They realised the need to maintain for their Colleges the high reputation and the constantly growing patronage they had earned in the past. Registration of the Colleges would be applied for when Part 3 of the Butler Act came into operation. Meanwhile they were preparing to meet the newly established conditions and would continue to provide the high quality of purposive education for which they already held a national reputation.

The publishing departments were exploring the possibilities of linking the overseas distribution of books in English with the teaching of English in Colleges to be established in non-English-speaking cities.

ASSOCIATION WITH METHUEN'S LTD.

The company's trade investments were increased by the purchase of 40 per cent. of the Ordinary share capital of Methuen's Ltd., the well-known general publishers. The chairman hoped that this would prove to be both a steady asset and a reciprocally beneficial connection. Pitman's Ltd. were "purposive" rather than recreational publishers. Their activities among authors, teachers and booksellers within their special field of "purposive" publishing would provide scope in the wider field covered by Methuen's. The two companies would be complementarily helpful, especially if each retained its individuality and made its own business interests the only operative consideration.

Dealing with the profit and loss account and balance sheet, the chairman pointed out that the trading profit was reduced to £35,000 by increasing the reserve for deferred repairs by £15,500 before striking the balance, while £40,000 had been transferred to the reserve for the Bath Educational and Community Fund.

Big profits were, however, no measure of the true health of the business. In their own case especially they relied upon the character and standards of their staff—printers, binders, editors, teachers, packers and the rest—for the assurance they had of the continuing strength of the firm.

The health of the business was assured and every possibility of development was being seized. Their American Publishing House was prospering and he hoped soon to see it become at least as important in its field as the parent company.

The Chairman concluded by welcoming the members of the staff returning from the Forces.

The report and accounts were adopted.

Readers' Market

FOR SALE: Encyclopædia Britannica, 14th edition, £30; French linguaphone, as new, £7; grand piano, best continental make, excellent condition, £350, London, view by appointment; practically unused red leather "Columbia" portable gramophone, excellent tone, £10 10s., seen London; Baby Empire portable, as new.

WANTED: Mario Praz's "Romantic Agony," Starkie's "Baudelaire," Edgell Rickword's "Baudelaire" and "Rimbaud," Arthur Symons' "Baudelaire," "Symbolist Movement in French Literature" and "Studies in Seven Arts," in good condition, state price; Thomas Mann's "Joseph and his Brethren," or others by Mann; Hudson's "An Outline History of English Literature" (Bell); "New Yorkers"; Medium h.p. car; piano (for Youth Club, urgent); Oxford B.A. cap and gown, woman, 6 ft.; advertiser requires reliable modern car for own daily use, inspect anywhere home counties.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, 10 Great Turnstile, mentioning advt. and details (separate letter for each item). Charge under this heading 1s. 6d. first word, 9d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

Accommodation Vacant and Wanted

ADVERTISER out daily would share her small Bayswater flat with adaptable woman, suit one engaged evening work. Box A1508.

OFFRD. Oct. onwds., accom. Essex Cottage for wife, baby, by similar for company, reasonable. PAL. 2038 evngs.

HAMPSTEAD, furn. service flat (1 room) & Cambridge unfurn. flat (3 rms.). Would exchange tenancies for tenancy Greater London hse. with garden. Box A1459.

ONE-room sf. cont. flat or attic req. by yg. prof. woman, Bloomsbury/Baker St. area. Box A2082.

LABOUR M.P. urgently needs one/two modern cheerful furn. rooms, with bathroom. Breakfast and light service only. Must be within 30 minutes of Commons. Bloomsbury district preferred. Box A1929.

Accommodation—continued

S.O.S. Will anyone let house, flat or unfurnished rooms London or near enabling B.B.C. Producer (released Forces) resume civilian job. Limit £150. Box A1536.

SERVICEMAN released October requires 2–3 rooms, kitchen, bath. Quiet tenants, no children. Phone or write 23 Lindfield Gardens, N.W.3. Hampstead 2023.

GIRL student (Royal College Art) urgently reqs. board resid. or bed-sit. Oct., Kensington or dist. Moderate. Box A1907.

LABOUR Candidate, wife, year-old boy, seek 3-roomed furnished or unfurnished flat London or suburbs. Pay good price but not exorbitant. Willing share small house. Ring Western 8404 any evening.

YOUNG woman graduate requires small unfurnished flat or unfurnished rooms in or around London. Box A1498.

QUIET middle-aged woman, small income, seeks room and board in or near Central London. Write Box A1503.

WANTED by officer (about to be demobilised) and wife unfurnished flat, part house or house any dist. London. Mod. rent. Box A1504.

WANTED two good unfurnished rooms: St. John's Wood or Regent's Park preferred. One lady. Box 9704.

INFANT, 4 months, and mother (working officer's wife) want accom. with family, pref. where someone help look after infant weekdays. Easy reach London. Box A1479.

UNFURNISHED accom. sought for lady, and 3 (well behaved) children during husband's temporary absence. Mrs. Hill Payne, Willingham, nr. Cambridge.

OXFORD. Army student (wife, child) returning university from Burma, urgently requires unfurn. flat/house/rooms. Box A2099.

DISABLED ex-serviceman, ordered complete rest until next spring, wishes rent small furn. unfurn. cottage for this purpose. Might consider exchange furn. London flat, rsnble. purchase. 'Phone Cun. 2417. Box A1884.

WANTED to rent for some months, cottage, unfurnished/furnished. Lady and two children. Box A1468.